

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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JANINE
LEQUIEVRE
One of our
Paris
Mannequins



Mother. M.D.

The lady on the left is a "doctor of medicine". A doctor without a degree. There is one just like her in every home. The nameplate on her "surgery" — if she had one — would read "Mother M.D."

Two simple rules help her to protect the health of her family. When serious illness is suspected she unhesitatingly calls the family physician. When cuts and bruises, coughs and colds, and other everyday ailments need attention, she makes sure that the family medicine cabinet is well-stocked with dependable household medicines.

Perhaps that is why you will find Nyal family Medicines in so many household medicine cabinets. Nyal Medicines are — above all — dependable.

There is a Nyal Medicine for almost every ordinary ailment. Each one is backed by more than ninety years of laboratory research. Each one has the formula plainly printed on the package. Whenever there is need for a medicine in your home, ask your chemist to suggest the appropriate NYAL medicine.

NYAL

FAMILY MEDICINES

NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE
... NYAL NASAL DROPS ...
NYAL IODISED THROAT
TABLETS ... NYAL PHOSPHOR ...
NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA
... ARE JUST A FEW OF
THE 188 DEPENDABLE
NYAL MEDICINES.



Who giveth this Woman

THE AUSTRALIAN LIBRARY
30 JUL 1947
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Do all fathers feel as I do, he wondered, seeing not a bride but the little girl of years ago.

BUT when a man loses his right arm, Mr. Watson thought confusedly, people don't congratulate him. He pumped the beringed hand extended to him. He thought his wife had said that this stout woman in purple chiffon was Mrs. Hardy Hardy.

That didn't seem possible, but murmuring, "This is Mrs. Hardy Hardy," he passed her on to Joe's mother, who stood beside him.

"I want to congratulate you too," he heard her cooing, "such a beautiful wedding and you're getting such a charming brand-new daughter."

Mr. Watson stared after her open-mouthed and venomous. Joe's mother, this suddenly fluttery affected female at his side, was getting a brand-new daughter, and not just a daughter, but his daughter, his own tall, graceful Jacquelin, half hidden now in clouds of white net and trailing satin.

Mrs. Watson's elbow, inserted strategically into his ribs, brought him back from the wave of loathing for the woman in purple chiffon who dared present Joe's mother, this almost stranger at his left hand, with his only child.

He swivelled automatically back into position. Charlie Johnson from the bank was shaking hands.

"Grand wedding," he boomed. "Never saw a prettier bride or bridesmaids. Going through the line twice and kiss 'em all over again." Mr. Watson winced. He supposed that people talked like this at all weddings. He pushed Charlie on to Joe's mother with a forced grin.

Two girls, friends of Jacquelin's, stood before him.

"Oh, Mr. Watson," they gasped, "oh, Jacky looked so sweet, oh, it was lovely, oh, Mary cried and cried, so did Louise, Mr. Watson."

He pressed their soft boneless little hands. "Your turn next, girls," he said.

He managed to spare a sympathetic thought for their fathers, two men who had no notion of what was in store for them.

One day they were safe, watching their infant daughters splashing, roge and cream, in their tubs, the soap a fish or a thrilling mystery, and the next, lovely strangers with lowered eyes and sheaves of flowers, they paced rhythmically beside you up the aisle to vanish forever.

He knew he was being melodramatic. In the intervals of listening to the lavish good wishes of Mrs. Armstrong from across the street he managed to catch the eye of one of the waiters and sketched a pantomime of drinking. The brown face crinkled into an understanding smile and the man vanished.

"You're gaining a son," Mrs. Lipscomb shook his hand earnestly. "Such a fine boy. He'll be such a blessing to you," she cried enthusiastically.

He moved her on to Joe's mother. Obviously that was where she belonged. He didn't want a son, he only wanted Jacquelin.

He remembered Lucille in the hospital, smiling up at him, her face white with exhaustion, the smell of ether still in her hair.

"Are you glad it's a girl, Jack?" she had asked.

"Oh, so glad," he had said, looking down at her and marvelling that she could ever have imagined that it would be a boy. When Dr. Armour had come into the waiting-room and said, "It's a lovely little girl," the months of wondering—boy or girl, Jack or Jacquelin—had been swept away as if they had never existed.

What a foolish question for Louise to be asking. Perhaps she was still drugged.

"Oh, so glad," he had said and buried his face in the yellow roses he had brought her.

There was a bowl of yellow roses on the piano now. He could see them above the head of little Helen James, who was standing awkwardly before him.

"Thank you for letting me come, Mr. Watson," she piped. "It's the first wedding I've ever been to. It was wonderful."

He smiled conspiratorially down at her. "It's the first one where I gave the bride away," he said. "I don't know that I could stand another."

The waiter with whom he had exchanged signals reappeared beyond Lucille, cut adroitly behind her, and put a glass of champagne into Mr. Watson's back-stretched hand. He gulped it hastily, then replaced the glass in the brown hand near his elbow. That helped a little.

The line was thinning out now. The guests were beginning to go heartlessly into the dining-room to eat, to help themselves to chicken salad and ham and lobster just as though this were any party and not the end of a world, of a life full of surprises, a life that had revolved around Jacquelin, sleepily confiding at the breakfast table, racing through the day, hanging endlessly on the telephone, giggling mysteriously on the porch.

The room was emptier. Now he saw Jacquelin, the triangular face with the wide cheek-bones and curved chin tilted as she looked up at Joe. Joe was all right. He had been about the house for months, plunging in the door with plans to go here and there and to do this and that, and to get hold of boys and girls named Raz and Pug and Petey and Nin and Val.

Mr. Watson didn't know one from another. He felt as though he didn't know Joe either. But Jacquelin thought she knew him well enough to put her life into his square competent hands until death them did part. Mr. Watson's heart twisted with unreasoning jealousy. He wished he could get another glass of champagne.

Old Mrs. Crawford's black-gloved hand patted his. "I know how happy you are," she croaked.

Mr. Watson's pleasant smile of assent was false and unconvincing.

Lucille nudged him again. "I think we can break up the line," she said.

As she spoke two of the bridesmaids, their soft hair decked with flowers, their skirts billowing about their slender feet, rattled across the floor.

"She's going to cut the cake," they called. "Here comes the bride."

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HOLD IT!

By...
NORAH RYOTT

SIMON tilted back in his chair and tried to feel like a Civil servant. He was not feeling particularly civil—he had just had the life squashed out of him on the train, where his chin had been tickled for twenty minutes by the red feathers on a woman's hat.

The last copy of the morning paper had been snatched from under his nose by a large man who had obviously learned to infiltrate in the Army, so now Simon had no crossword puzzle to occupy his mind.

It was all right for the textbooks to say that a warm, close relationship with the public led to more human and more efficient administration; Simon felt that the less he saw of the public the better, or he might find himself unable to serve it at all.

He surveyed his "In" tray, which contained a miscellaneous heap of memoranda on government which he would have to digest in time, but at the moment his digestion had been upset by sausage served up to him for breakfast in his bed-sitting-room with service, the service not including Sundays.

He tilted his chair further back until it met the wall behind, and thought about Naples, and his large room with the balcony overlooking the bay . . . melon . . . a swim after lunch, and the rigors of Army occupational life.

The telephone rang and he came back to an upright position and ceased abruptly to think about the Bay of Naples.

"Hullo, Margeson speaking . . . But I don't know her . . . Oh, I see, the D. has sent her along. Well, I'll see what I can do, of course; send her up. Is she pretty?" he added as an afterthought, and smiled at the reply.

Any interruption that broke the deadlock of uneconomic relations was welcome. Any female interruption was extremely desirable. He placed a long report on the desk in front of him for form's sake, and took out his silver pencil and made ticks idly in the margin.

By great exertion of self-control he did not look up when the door opened. "Please sit down." He ticked an unlikely oil deposit and then looked up.



"Oh, fine!" Felix shouted excitedly, hurrying back to his camera.

A white plastic raincoat eased itself into the chair opposite him. It had a hood which was now thrown back revealing a red lining and a lot of red hair that didn't match the lining.

"Oh, I do hope you can help!" The red hair leaned forward eagerly. "I've tried everywhere . . ."

"I see." Simon balanced his silver pencil on the desk, a favorite trick of busy executives in American films.

"I will certainly do my best." He paused, watching her fingers gripping the handle of her umbrella.

She had gloves on, silly lacy gloves. "Now what exactly is it that you want?"

"An Arab." Big blue eyes looked at him appealingly.

It is a great pity, Simon thought, that surprise is one of the emotions that died early in the war and has never been revived. He would have liked to feel a sudden shock of surprise at a girl wanting an Arab before eleven o'clock on a Monday morning. But surprise was impossible to conjure up.

"An Arab," he said gravely. It so happened he knew a lot about Arabs; he owed his life to an Arab in the desert . . .

"Actually," he said, twiddling his pencil, "my department deals with economic relations with the Balkans."

"Oh, I am sorry," the girl registered extreme concern that was touching and disappointment that was very upsetting. "They must have made some mistake . . . downstairs I saw a man and he said you . . ." She began to get up.

"No, please don't get discouraged yet," Simon put up his hand, appalled at the thought of losing her with two hours yet to go until lunch, and no prospects of anything more exciting than a committee meeting. "You haven't told me why you want an Arab." He smiled diplomatically.

"I must have one by to-morrow," the girl said fiercely, sinking back into her chair. "It's terribly important. Mr. Felix wants one to photograph. Nothing else will do. He says he wants a genuine Bedouin—one with draperies and things . . . to illustrate cotton," she added. "It's for an advertisement."

Simon nodded: "Do you speak Arabic?" he said, to keep the conversation going.

"No." She looked at him sadly. "But Mr. Felix is wonderful with animals. We had an elephant last year to illustrate hides, and he would do anything for Mr. Felix. So perhaps he could make gestures and the Arab would understand . . ." she trailed away feeling the suggestion clearly inadequate.

Simon was enchanted. "I may be able to help," he decided.

"Oh," she said eagerly. "Oh, that would be wonderful of you. I've never failed Mr. Felix yet, but an Arab seemed rather a tall order to produce."

Simon tilted back in his chair. "Now if I can get in touch with an Arab . . . don't pin too much faith

to this, mind, where would he have to come to?"

She gave him the address of the studio.

"Perhaps I could come and collect him." The girl gripped the edge of the desk. "We could send a car for him or a taxi and, of course, all his expenses would be paid and the modelling fee."

"Don't you worry about getting him there," Simon soothed her with ministerial efficiency. "I'll put him in a taxi."

"I don't know how to thank you."

Simon did, but he didn't speak. "I'll ring you up in the morning to see if you've had any luck, shall I?"

"Yes, do," Simon smiled. "The extension number is 49," he said distinctly. The girl prepared to leave and Simon got up to open the door. "Perhaps I'd better have your name."

"Laura Bayley." Simon opened the door and escorted her to the lift.

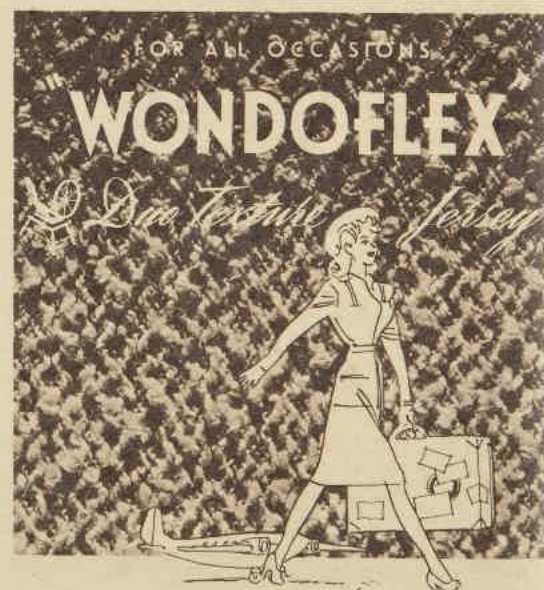
Please turn to page 19



Hey, Mister! Ever hear about the Scientist who crossed a glow-worm with a collar stud?

. . . so he could find his stud whenever it rolled under the bed? You'll never have to grope in the dark when you've Eveready dated batteries in your flashlight. Eveready flashlight batteries are always fresh . . . dated for your protection. That date-line assures you of longer life and stronger light. If you sleep on a verandah;

or get up in the middle of the night to look at baby; or go to the bathroom; or go across the yard; or look for something where there's no light—time after time you'll be thankful for a flashlight that works. When you can see, you're safe, so insist on Eveready flashlight batteries. Look for the date-line.



duo-texture combines the best points of knitting and weaving.

Wondoflex is a combination of soft resilient knit-wear and smooth, firm woven texture. It is not available by the yard, but made up in model frocks—the label will tell you if it's WONDOFLEX.

FROM LEADING SALONS IN SUITS AND FROCKS



A LOVE LIKE THAT

By DAVID GARTH

The first boatload of rescued passengers came alongside, Jonathan with a child in his arms.

DIQUED at the irresponsible behaviour of personable JONATHAN BLAIR, young chairman of directors of the Blair Steamship Line, attractive VALENTINE RANSOME buys all available stock, and gains control of the line herself.

Jonathan, absorbed in trying to pay off a loan he has underwritten for actress CAROL WALLACE, only realises, too late, what has happened. Dismayed and furious, he curtly refuses Valentine's invitation to join her and BARD CALHOUN, brilliant young advertising executive, in a cruise on the Blair liner *Orinoco*, then, to her disgust, he disappears.

Actually, however, he has joined the crew of the *Orinoco*, calling himself *Abijah Bliss*, and he sails on the cruise as an ordinary seaman. Now read on:

of several old ladies among your gay glittering passenger list. I think," he nodded. "they decided I'm in love with you."

"And what have they decided about me?"

"Oh, they take that for granted," he returned breezily, waving a hand.

He smiled and packed his pipe, holding it with square, capable hands. The wind blew his heavy brown hair back from his forehead and when he bent forward to cup his hands for a light the flame threw into relief the clear-cut features of his lean tanned face.

Valentine clasped her hands behind her head and regarded him pensively. Bard was all man, tweeds and pipe smoke and those strong, square-shaped hands.

He raised his head to find her eyes on him. For a moment he looked at her, then said "hmm" and laid his pipe down.

"It will go out," murmured the girl. "Think you'd better?"

"I think so," he said amiably.

He slid an arm around her shoulders and kissed her, long and positively. She didn't move.

"Hope I didn't bother you," he remarked, sitting back.

"Bothered, nothing. I liked it."

"Good! Now we can proceed."

She stopped him with a quick hand.

"Wait," she said swiftly. "Bard, I'm sorry but—well, just now I have so much on my mind. You understand."

He looked at her for a long time.

"Yes," he said finally. "I understand. You," he went on curiously, "are all wrapped up in saving this line, aren't you? I wish," he grinned, "you'd fight some of my battles."

"You can fight your own. Which," she added impulsively, "is more than some other men can do."

"Meaning Corry Blair, Valentine?"

She bit her lip.

"I suppose I did. Funny I haven't even thought about him until just now. And yet he still makes me angry."

"Corry," he said meditatively, "can be an attractive sort of cuss when he wants to."

"Oh, let's forget him!" She jumped up and extended a hand. "One last turn around the deck."

They went below to the promenade and took a brisk turn about. She may not have thought of Corry Blair, but as they pounded the fore part of the deck a young man leaning against the rail of the forward crew deck looked up at them with interest, particularly at Bard Calhoun.

"If that bird," he muttered,

"doesn't look out he'll find himself married to that girl. Be bossed the rest of his life, the sap. Thought he had more sense."

Stewards were lashing the chairs as she and the senseless Mr. Calhoun came down the passenger-deserted deck.

"Orders from the captain, ma'am," one of them told Valentine. "The sea blows up fast down here sometimes. We're in for a good 'un if the Old Man is any judge."

It was blowing up already. Heavy black rollers struck the ship's sides and cascaded high, the cold breath of the spray reaching their faces; the wind was freshening rapidly. The little *Orinoco* might be in for a hammering.

Bard said good-night to Valentine before her state-room door. She wondered at herself for half wishing that he had kissed her. She went in and switched on the light over her dressing-table. Absently she pulled a bracelet from her arm and dropped it on the glass top.

Bard! He was a development she had not expected when she left Texas. She smiled. But he was a nice development. Yes, very nice.

"Whoa!" she said suddenly, sitting up as though she'd caught herself from falling asleep. "One thing at a time, child."

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VALENTINE reclined in a deck chair on the lee side of the boat deck of the *Orinoco* and looked thoughtfully at an inky sky unrelieved by moon or stars.

The last week, she reflected, had been a lot of fun. The *Orinoco* had cruised from port to port before turning for New York.

She and Bard Calhoun had taken those ports in their stride.

Yes, it had been a lot of fun and

she suddenly realised that Bard had been a large part of it.

He came up to join her just then.

"Glass falling," he said briefly, and dropped into a chair beside her. "Might be a blow. I understand our captain loves 'em."

"He doesn't love me," commented the girl. "He doesn't mind showing it, either."

"That's where he's different from me," said Bard. "You know, my coming up here to say hello has probably set the tongues wagging

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Drink delicious 'OVALTINE' daily — Made from Malt, Milk and Eggs, it is the food you drink for health and strength.



CLASSIC BEAUTY

that deserves a pedestal!



Beau Monde
Full Fashioned HOSIERY

Be Sure to Look for
Beau Monde's new
Spring Tonings at
Your Favourite Store

THE FRIGHTENED WITNESS

By RUSSELL J. OAKES



A YOUNG woman, whom Detective Murray mistook at first for Mrs. Cartwright, showed him into a feminine library-sitting-room, and left him there after a nervous apology.

A wide, concave window gave a view across a trim lawn, recently barbed, to a small cluster of indigenous shrubs and trees.

"There—" Murray reviewed mentally, "—is where Earle Benson gargled away his life in the fountain-pond this morning."

It was a shady, secluded nook, threaded by crazy paths, between the crevices of which bold candy-nuts burst up in little bubbling pools of white blossom.

Murray turned to analyse the room. Dignified, yet bright and warm and feminine. Judging by her voice over the phone, Mrs. Cartwright must be something like this room. Of course, her brother-in-law's death had doubtless sobered her tones. She had had no husband to help her bear the shock.

He wondered what the others would be like. There were Gloria Young and Mr. Reginald Barker, Mrs. Cartwright's uncle.

His musings were interrupted by a swift, elfin patter of a child's soft shoes in the hall, ending in silence with the appearance of the runner.

Roy Murray experienced the impression of a spiritual presence. The wide-eyed earnestness of a little boy's face won from him the desire to give sympathy and reassurance.

"Rullo, young fella," he said. The child's voice whispered something in return, but it sounded more like a secret observation than a greeting to another.

"What's the matter?" Roy asked shrewdly, scenting an undue nervousness in the child. However, he expected no reply, because the con-

versational gifts of a nearly-two-year-old are limited.

Another step sounded in the hall, and a woman appeared behind the child. Mrs. Cartwright was quite a young widow. Erect, fresh and self-possessed, she wore at present a frown of inner perplexity coupled with her natural solicitude for her baby.

"The kid is shy," Roy ventured as an easy introduction.

"No," Mrs. Cartwright lifted her head defiantly. "No. He's not shy. He's—frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes. You see—"

She caressed the fair little head with a tender and possessive gesture. "You see, John knows."

"Knows what?"

"He was there. He saw what happened."

Murray came across to her.

"I'm sorry. I have been very rude. I am Detective Murray."

"Yes, I guessed so. We seemed to wander into our discussion, didn't we? I am Mrs. Cartwright."

"The child?"

"My son, John. He is not quite two. He can't talk well, yet. Just a few words. But there are all kinds of little sounds and partial words that I know and understand."

"Won't you tell me what you know, Mrs. Cartwright?"

When they were seated, she took the little boy's hand and began to speak. The pale child watched her

lips move or he leaned against her warm arm.

"Earle had been here a week. He has been very attentive to John since John's father died. He would feed him and play with him, and they were becoming good pals. When Earle and he went down to the fountain this morning, I wasn't worried. John liked watching the goldfish and the pond had little stone frogs round it that fascinated him."

"As a matter of fact, he had angered the gardener by breaking one of them recently. Accidentally, of course. About ten, I took John a drink. Before I reached the trees he came toddling out. When Earle did not follow, I thought it odd. Then I saw the expression on John's face."

She shivered, then continued: "Death must be incomprehensible to a young child. They see, but they don't understand. John knew something terrible had happened, and he wanted to tell me. I went through the trees—to the pond—"

Again the narrative wavered.

"Please try not to be distressed," Murray said softly.

"My—my brother-in-law lay half in the pond and half out of it, as you saw him," she said, then added appealingly, "It could have been an accident."

"No, Mrs. Cartwright. It was no accident. Earle Benson had been struck on the head."

"With what?"

"With the broken stone frog from the brink of the pond. We found that on the path."

"And—that killed him?"

"No. He was stunned and he fell into the fountain."

"Then perhaps it wasn't murder?"

"Well, whoever did it could have saved him. They could have dragged him free, but no—they let him drown. For all we know, they may have stood and watched him drown."

"Oh, how dreadful—dreadful!"

"What kind of man was your brother-in-law?"

"I had nothing against him."

"That is very non-committal."

"He is dead."

"Mrs. Cartwright, I must remind you, your son is in grave danger."

"John?" Instinctively the woman passed a protective arm about the boy's waist.

"Of course. He saw what happened. It won't remain in his mind for long, but while it does he may drop some word—some clue."

The woman's expression of concern deepened. The child stood beside her unblinkingly, the solemn face still, the eyes bright. Wisdom and knowledge beyond the grasp of man looked out from them.

"John knows who did it," said Murray. "He'll tell you, if he can

"Don't be afraid. You have only to answer honestly," Murray tried to reassure her.

find a way. Put yourself in the murderer's place. What would you feel inclined to do?"

The mother drew John to her quickly. "I won't let him out of my sight for an instant."

"Now then," insisted Murray. "Your brother-in-law—?" Her reserve was gone and she poured out words.

"He was not a bad man—not bad. He gave freely to anyone, because

he liked to be flattered and praised, and—and loved."

"And was he?"

"I don't know. That was the odd part. Everyone knew him—or thought they did—but they never knew whether he succeeded with his magnanimous gestures. He may have had a hundred successes—and he may have had none."

"He was genuinely fond of John?"

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Sparva
BRITISH DRESS FABRIC

NO FADE . . NO CREASE . . NO SHRINK
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

STOCKS ARE LIMITED—PLEASE BE PATIENT

LEARN TO SMILE

In a confident style,
With a smile that is out to win,
In making your pile or springing a mile;
There's a charm in a cheerful grin—
Learn to smile when all others look sad;
Give them a smile and they'll all feel glad.
When there are coughs and colds to endure
Recommend Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

**BATHS SPARKLE
IN A JIFFY
IF YOUR CLEANSER
DOESN'T SCRATCH!**

Scratches do more than scar porcelain—they catch and hold on to dirt and make extra hard work of cleaning.

So why take chances with ordinary, gritty cleansers when fine, white Bon Ami will slide dirt off in no time! It polishes, too—leaves sinks and baths mirror-bright. And because it isn't harsh and gritty, Bon Ami doesn't give you housework hands. Make it your cleaning favourite!

Come in both Powder and Cake form.

Bon Ami
THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that
"hasn't scratched yet!"



KRUSTO is the super-crisp Pastry Mix made by Kraft—and it's so easy to make pastry with KRUSTO, even the kiddies can do it.

You just add water to KRUSTO, mix and roll thin—then it's heigh ho! for lighter, crisper, tastier pastry!

That *lighter* KRUSTO pastry looks

as though it could *fly* out of your oven. That *crisper* KRUSTO pastry always cuts cleanly. Never heavy or soggy.

That *tastier* KRUSTO pastry makes everything you eat with it taste twice as exciting. You can tell the fine quality of KRUSTO ingredients from the fresh, delicious flavour.

KEEP THESE PRIZE KRUSTO RECIPES HANDY

KRUSTO PIE SHELL

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups Krusto, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, pinch salt.

Mix Krusto with enough water to make a stiff dough. Roll thinly on floured board and shape as required to fit pie or tart plate. Flute edge of pastry, prick with fork, add filling (jam, fruit, etc.) and cover top with layer of pastry or decorate with pastry strips. Bake in a hot oven till crust is golden brown.

LEMON FLUFF PIE

8 oz. Krusto, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Beat yolks of eggs lightly, add cornflour, lemon juice and rind. Stir in hot water and add salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick like a custard.

Beat whites of eggs until very stiff, then add remaining sugar and beat lightly.

Make Krusto pastry shell (for pie dish or tart plate). Prick all over with fork and bake in a hot oven. When cooked fill with lemon filling and pile the white of eggs on the top. Brown lightly in a moderate oven 2-3 minutes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups Krusto, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 eggs.

Thoroughly beat eggs and sugar together and add cocoa and milk. The more beating the better. To this add two cups Krusto and gently fold in. Place in paper lined tin and bake in a moderate oven 340 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Ice with Chocolate Icing.

STEAMED TREACLE PUDDING

2 cups or 8 oz. Krusto, 1 or 2 eggs as desired, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk if 1 egg, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup if 2 eggs are used, 1 tablespoon Treacle or Jam.

Beat eggs vigorously, add milk and sugar and stir into Krusto. Mix thoroughly. Place treacle in bottom of basin or steamer and pour on mixture. Fit lid or greased paper on steamer, steam for 1 hour.

KRUSTO BISCUITS

2 cups Krusto, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Beat egg, sugar and milk together and add to Krusto. Mix into a firm dough and allow to stand 5-10 minutes, then roll out evenly and cut into shapes desired. Brush top with egg white and sprinkle with sugar or sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven till golden brown.



When you get KRUSTO, ask for TWO PACKETS at a time—then you can be sure of having enough KRUSTO in reserve to make lots of featherweight pastry at a moment's notice. Get KRUSTO today at your grocer's in the red, white and blue packet.

KRUSTO

The Super-Crisp Pastry Mix made by KRAFT

Great Frederick leads the Bells of St. Peter's



BELLRINGERS TRAIN WITH HANDBELLS. John Watts, of Sydney (in shirtsleeves), conducting a hand-bell session in preparation for launching of new bells at St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide, leads Philip Cooper, Ronald Brown, Harry Cox, Peter Henderson, George Williamson, Philip Vincent, and Harry Short.

N.S.W. team teaches ancient art in Adelaide

By FRED A YOUNG of our Adelaide staff

At the moment when the peal of eight bells, newly installed at St. Peter's Anglican Cathedral, Adelaide, broke over the city for the first time, on a sunny Sunday afternoon, nine New South Wales bellringers were tense with anxiety.

They had travelled from Sydney to put the local lads through their courses in ringing the changes.

BUT as the bells sang their first note they relaxed. Great Frederick, the 40 hundredweight 1 quarter tenor bell, and his seven offshoots had responded magnificently. So had the Adelaide bellringers.

Thousands of people who had gathered to hear the bells thrilled to the first cadences that swelled through the louvers of the south tower of the Cathedral.

Out of consideration for the neighborhood, all practices had been done with the clappers removed from the bells, and for a week before the launching the visitors had slogged at pulling, and teaching to pull, on mute ropes.

The full, rich tones were a thrilling climax.

The launching of the bells coincided with the centenary celebrations of the Church of England diocese. It was made possible by a bequest of several thousand pounds from the late Frederick Lakeman, a keen churchman, whose tall, lean figure had been known to thousands during his long association with the former firm of James Marshall, where he was a shop-walker.

Ringers' skill

GREAT FREDERICK, named after him, is the largest bell in the Southern Hemisphere.

The peal was made by the famous bell-makers, John Taylor and Co., of Loughborough, England. They were manufactured from 50-per-cent bell metal, a mixture of tin and copper in a ratio that is a trade secret. Altogether they weigh over seven tons.

I was privileged to add to my scant knowledge of the art of bell-ringing by spending an evening in the tower with the ringers.

From that experience I would say that to be a good operator you can do without an ear for music but you must have:

- A sense of timing.
- A prodigious memory.

- A long pull and a strong one.
- The utmost in concentration and patience.

For practical purposes the bells are numbered one to six, seven, eight, etc., as the case may be.

Now, as any good mathematician knows, these numbers can be arranged in a definite number of sequences, or, in bellringers' parlance, changes.

A peal of five bells can ring in 120 changes, six bells 720, seven 5040, and eight 40,320 before all the combinations are exhausted.

The bells ring at a fraction over three a second or 200 a minute, which for eight bells represents 25 changes in that time.

For 40,320 changes, therefore, it takes a day and eight hours, so if the St. Peter's bells ever feel like really going to town with a complete peal they will not finish until well into the second day.

This is small potatoes to what St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, could do if it really put its mind to it.

St. Paul's has a peal of 12 bells, which means that for a full peal there are 479,001,600 changes to ring—which would take 28 years.

Yes, bellringing is a mathematician's hobby.

The composer's job is to arrange those mathematical sequences in the most tuneful manner.

The names are unusual and euphonious. Among them are Siedman, Grandire, Cambridge Surprise, Double Norwich, Oxford Treble Bob, Kent Treble Bob, Tulip, Reverse Canterbury Pleasure, April Day, St. Simon's, etc.

St. Peter's bells are a full major scale.

Most bellringers graduate from choristers or altar boys. The instant they show interest in bells they are nabbed by their seniors and lured into enlarging their knowledge.

Bellringers are proud of their art, and want to see it live vigorously.

Training is done in part on handbells, in part on tower bells.



ADELAIDE PEOPLE listen to the first peals from Great Frederick and his seven offshoots, newly installed in the South Tower of St. Peter's Anglican Cathedral.

However, it takes years of experience to gain that "easy" look that the Sydney men displayed.

Captain of the visitors was Ralph Joyner, who is steeped in bellringing tradition. He started at 16, and after some decades still loves it.

His grandfather, Robert Joyner, was a bellringer in Gloucestershire, and was at the opening of the peal in 1862 of St. Mark's, Darling Point, Sydney.

Robert's son, Thomas Henry Joyner, father of Ralph, rang at St. Mark's, and also took part at St. Philip's, Church Hill, Sydney, in the first peal of Grandire Triples ever to be rung in Australia.



BELLRINGING IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS. Practising simple changes are four Adelaide ringers, Messrs. Peter Henderson (left), Harry Cox, Jim Lucas, and Philip Vincent. The danger sign is there because careless handling of ropes can cause bad accidents if they get out of control and lash wildly about the chamber.



GREAT FREDERICK, largest bell in the Southern Hemisphere, is inspected by visiting conductor Bill Rowe (left) and John Duncan, both of Sydney.

At one time a full team of six bellringing Joyners, all relatives, rang for St. Mark's. Ralph Joyner still rings there.

He is chairman of N.S.W. Bellringers' Association, established 18 months ago, which has a membership of around 50. Members wear a silver badge shaped as a bell on a wheel.

A cousin of Ralph Joyner, Philip Vincent, is one of the Adelaide team.

Jack McCartney's uncle, A. McCartney, rang in the first peal of Grandire Doubles ever rung at St. Mark's.

Allan Grant's great uncle, W. Knight, rang for St. Philip's, Church Hill, Sydney, and Harry Short's father, Walter Short, is one of England's most famous bellringers.

Of all I saw I think I admired most the skill of conductor Bill Rowe. He rings for a number of churches, principally St. Mary's Cathedral and All Saints', Parramatta. Some of his forebears rang at Exeter, England.

As a conductor he not only manages a rope, but has to be alert to all the bells.

Other members of the Sydney team were John Duncan, who rings for St. Jude's, Randwick; George Williamson, All Saints', Parramatta; John Watts, St. James', Turramurra; and Ron Rowe, brother of the conductor, St. Jude's.

The Adelaide team comprises Philip Vincent, secretary of the St. Peter's Cathedral Bell Ringing Association, Jim Lucas, a ringer with experience from Tasmania, who is the conductor, Philip Cooper, Peter West, Harry and George Cox, John and Robert Westover, Bernard Porter, Roger Gray, Peter Henderson, and Ron Brown.

While each of the visitors took groups of the locals under his wing, Bill Rowe confined his attention to teaching Jim Lucas how to be a conductor.

Danger from ropes

ALTHOUGH bells are practically always inscribed with men's names, they are always referred to as "she."

Before they can be rung, they have to be pulled into an upside down position, known as "up." This is the toughest part of bellringing. Once up and balanced, ringing is comparatively easy.

On completion of a peal it is considered safer to let the bell down again.

A notice in the bellringers' chamber reads: "Danger, don't touch the ropes."

It is no idle warning. If a bell becomes out of control, particularly after being swung to the up position, people in the chamber can become entangled in the lashing ropes and flung about, sustaining broken limbs and ripped flesh.

The ropes, which are about 80 feet long, are tied in particular knots to indicate whether the bell is up or down.

The more I think about it all the more convinced I am of the wisdom of the old English adage, which says: "If you can't ring eight bells, ring six, and if you can't ring six stick to one."

It would have to be one for me, I fear.

WOMEN ON JURIES

WOMEN will soon be sitting on juries in New South Wales, where a bill to amend the Jury Act will be submitted to the next session of Parliament.

Queensland is the only other Australian State where women serve on juries, though the system has been working satisfactorily in England for nearly thirty years.

Women's organisations all over Australia have long been agitating for this reform.

It has been one of their many demands since the days way back when feminists had to fight hard for every right that would enable women to live full lives as citizens and workers in fields other than the domestic.

They certainly do not seek it for pleasure or profit. What they have set out to do is to make their own feminine contribution to public affairs and civic decisions.

In most Western countries the battle for women's rights is largely over and won.

Educational facilities of all kinds are available to women, and they can enter every profession.

The big question remaining is that of reward.

Women are still fighting for equal pay for equal work. The question is of importance to every woman worker, whether she earns wages fixed by award or a higher salary obtained by her proved value and ability.

You still hear people say, when they hear a figure mentioned, that it is "a wonderful salary for a woman." The same amount earned by a man of similar age and experience would be taken for granted.

The decision in New South Wales will be a help to women in other States who have still to be allowed to serve on juries.

One thing is certain. Women will bring to this new job a keen sense of the responsibilities involved.



SPROD looks at life: Saturday morning shopping.

It seems to me....

NEXT week is the anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War (August 4), followed within a fortnight by the anniversary of the end of the Second World War.

The year is getting so cluttered with anniversaries of this kind that it's no wonder some of us get vague about which original dates we remember, and which we don't.

It's extraordinary how girls you were at school with sometimes don't remember the same world-shattering events nearly as clearly. But then most of us know the feeling of being torn between the desire to produce one's favorite reminiscence and the dislike of dating oneself irrevocably.

One thing that's a dead give-away of the period to which you belong is the habit of referring to World War I as the "last war."

And that brings me to a change I've noted in the colloquial meaning of the word "pre-war."

When I was growing up we used it as an adjective denoting unutterable stuffiness, believing, as every generation does, that anyone or anything pre-selves was unenlightened, priggish, and dopey.

Then we were referring to the other war. Now, when I label a person or an attitude as pre-war, I mean they remind me of the frivolous nineteen-thirties, when we were really too busy patterning our own lives to be worried about the rest of the world.

But—has the word changed, or have I?

THE Chinese barbers who demonstrated against the film that showed a barber up in a bad light have started something.

Producers of the film say that if every trade union or guild objected to having a member portrayed as a villain, where would the film industry be?

Where, indeed?

The Chinese barbers say that barbers would never behave in the way that this villain does, and that it's an insult to a noble profession.

The trouble, I think, is rather that Chinese barbers may in future model their behaviour on the film.

Take newspaper films. When Hollywood first started, years ago, to get stories in newspaper offices, we all laughed our heads off.

Australian reporters, we assured our wondering friends, never behaved like that—talking out of the corners of their mouths and saying, "Gimme the desk"; and chiefs-of-staff never, or hardly ever, shouted and foamed at the mouth.

But the idea caught on. Nowadays you sometimes see young reporters, hats pulled down over the eye, overcoat collars turned up, looking the image of Pat O'Brien or James Stewart. (Not, mind you, that I object—if the resemblance goes far enough).

And some newspaper offices are just like Hollywood.

WITH the invention of new explosives, 25 million pounds of old-fashioned T.N.T. is for sale in Washington at 3½d. per pound.—(News item.)

Here sir, from the waste of an old, dead war
Take your pick. Four pounds for a shilling!
No one's using it any more,
The stuff's not smart for killing.
But it serves, dear sir. It will serve you well,
And should your funds be scanty
What a splendid way to toll the bell
For all the folk you're anti.

Oh, cyclotrons cost lots of dough
Why wait for further crises?
Blow up yourself, as well as your foe,
With death at bargain prices.

BY



Dorothy Drain

RECENTLY a small band of people formed themselves into a Courtesy Circle in Sydney, their object being to improve the manners of some sections of the community.

I bet someone was trying to do that in ancient Carthage.

One reason for the absence of a generally high standard of good manners is that parents and teachers don't give children a really practical slant on the matter.

It might have been better if Confucius had said: "If you do unto others as you would like them to do unto you there is a fifty-fifty chance that some of them will respond."

Or, you could say to a child: "If you behave pleasantly to people a fair number of them will behave pleasantly to you, and that will make your life more comfortable."

I remember being surprised when a wartime visitor from Victoria obtained all sorts of scarce items in Sydney shops, where she got much better service than I.

I had found the reverse—had done better in Brisbane and Melbourne.

The solution was that both of us were on a holiday when we discovered this politeness in other cities.

It was our own cheerful holiday manner that inspired the pleasant service.

A READER who evidently shares my interest in the entertaining by-paths of scientific discovery was kind enough to send me last week a bulletin from the British Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

The pamphlet tells that the British Launderers' Research Association is now investigating the use of supersonic vibrations to speed up laundry processes.

These supersonic vibrations, it explains, are very high-frequency sound waves (which may make it clear to you, if not to me), and they will shake out the dirt particles from clothing.

While possessing that incapacity for surprise which belongs to all those who have grown up in the twentieth century amid the wonder of radio, aeroplanes, and French bathing suits, spiritually I belong to the horse-and-buggy age.

So I always feel a little sad at a fresh sign that the old, primitive days are passing.

On the subject of washing, I lean a little, though not all the way, to that famous viewpoint expressed by Dame Edith Lyons about the immense satisfaction of getting the washing on the line.

And I can't think that screaming at the tube (which is simply the only mental picture I can get of supersonic vibrations) will be as soothing as soapuds.

A MESSAGE from Washington states that two men who saw Stalin in Moscow recently say that he has aged considerably.

Fancy that! Just like anyone else.

So the Soviet Union hasn't discovered the secret of eternal youth. It's a good thing there are observers skilled enough to note the annual wrinkle quota, and keep us on the right track about Russia.

NEW railway carriages being built in New South Wales will have maple panelling in the first-class carriages, silky oak in the second.

You know that old gag about always preferring second-class travel because that's where you meet the most interesting people? I guess now we'll say we prefer silky oak because it's more homely, or claim that maple is too, too suburban.

But I heard a forest saying—

"I thought that I should never see
"Class-consciousness affect a tree."

Interesting People



LORD ADDISON

... oldest to fly

OLDEST member of British Government to fly is Lord Addison, Secretary of State for Dominions, coming to Australia by air this month. He is 78 years old, with thick snow-white hair, dark eyebrows, strong features, and pleasant smile. Belonging to farming family he has always championed farmers' cause. Has published a number of books on medicine, politics, social questions, and amusing reminiscences.



MISS ELIZABETH HENDERSON

... co-ordinates social services

FIRST executive officer of newly formed Council of Social Service in Melbourne is Elizabeth Henderson, recently arrived from England. Graduate of Liverpool University in Social Science, during war she was personnel manager of big business firm. She will be liaison officer between all social service organisations and will conduct surveys of new fields where work could be done.



MR. DAVID HUNT

... with Ballet Lambert

MELBOURNE-BORN ballet dancer David Hunt, who took scholarship with Sadler's Wells ballet school, London, returns here with the Ballet Lambert in October to dance in capital cities with famous English dancers Walter Gore, Sally Gilmour, Annette Chappell. Before the war he was a pupil of Edouard Borovansky, Melbourne, and after discharge from R.A.A.F. he joined Borovansky Company again as a member of the corps de ballet.

Australian girl models casual Paris clothes



SWIMSUIT by Jean Desse is made of white cotton weave, with purple and green stripe on either side of the trunks, which are tight at the waist and pouched on the hips.



BARREL SKIRT, with deep bands of purple and green, is feature of the frock worn over the swimsuit on the left.



IMPUDENT notes in Carven's yachting costume are rounded hips of the green linen shorts, belt with pouches for powder, handkerchief, and cigarettes. The top is of burnt-orange-and-white-striped linen.



ONE-PIECE swimsuit of figured linen is part of the gay beach ensemble shown on the right.

LOVELY 18-year-old Diana Gregory, of Maroubra, Sydney, models these fascinating beach and yachting costumes, part of the collection brought from Paris for The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades.

With Judy Barraclough, of Sydney, Diana was chosen from more than 150 entrants in the mannequin contest run by the Daily Telegraph, Sydney.

The parades will start in Sydney with a gala ball at Prince's on August 4, and will continue at Mark Foy's twice daily from August 5 to August 15, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., and in response to many requests there will be two special parades for business girls on Saturday mornings, August 9 and August 16, at 10 o'clock.

Tickets for the gala parade in Sydney are £2/2/-, and for succeeding parades 5/-.

Proceeds of the parades at Mark Foy's will go to the Australian Mothercraft Society, Karitane Home, N.S.W. Crippled Children's Association, St. Vincent's Maternity Hospital Appeal, and the Spastic Centre.



CHINESE national costume is inspiration for beach outfit by Jacques Fath. Made of white linen patterned with fish and sea plants, it has moss-green towelling loose middie and terra-cotta hat.



REMOVAL of middie leaves attractive top and trousers with the new small waist given by the very wide, breathless cummerbund.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 2, 1947

Page 11

No excuse for discoloured streaks in your hair — long lasting Hillcastle Hair Pencil matches normal colouring — 7 shades.

Featuring FLAVOUR

Tasty New Recipes from
ELIZABETH COOKE



ELIZABETH COOKE, cookery and nutrition expert for the Kraft-Walker Cheese Company, is famous for her appetising recipe suggestions. For flavour, she specially recommends the ones on this page—“They’re guaranteed to give a LIFT to everyday menus,” she says.

Grand Fish Flavour for Main Course Dishes COUPON FREE!

You won't have any meat coupon problems to cope with—and you can give the family a rich, fish-flavoured main course dish with a minimum of time, trouble and expense, when you cook up this tasty Fish Pie or this substantial Fish and Cheese Casserole.

These are both excellent basic recipes and you can ring the changes by making them with any of the five delicious varieties available in the Kraft Fish Paste range.

Fish Pie

8 oz. Krusto Pastry Mix, 4 oz. tin Kraft Fish Paste, 1½ oz. cooked macaroni, 1 tablespoon parsley, finely chopped, 1 dessertspoon onion, grated, 2 tablespoons celery, chopped, salt and pepper, 1 tomato, sliced.

Mix Fish Paste with macaroni and add to the vegetables, pepper and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly. Make Krusto according to directions and roll out thinly. Line bottom of pie dish and place mixture in it. Cover with slices of tomato. Roll out remaining pastry and place on top of pie. Glaze with egg white and bake in hot oven for 20 minutes. Serves four.



Fish and Cheese Casserole

4 oz. tin Kraft Fish Paste, 4 oz. cheese, sliced, 2 small potatoes, cooked, 1 small onion, sliced, 1 egg, 2 cup milk.

Slice potatoes and place a layer at the bottom of pie dish or casserole, then a layer of cheese and spread the Fish Paste over it. Place another layer of cheese, then onion and remainder of potatoes. Beat egg and add milk. Pour on to cover. Bake in a hot oven until set. Garnish with slices of tomato. Serves four.

The Kraft Fish Paste which is featured in these recipes is the same flavour-packed spread which is so convenient to have on hand for sandwiches, snacks, savouries and such. Extra handy to know that you can use it for all sorts of delectable, coupon-saving main course dishes too.

To keep your Kraft Fish Paste fresh after opening the tin, just see that it is covered and keep it in a cool place.

Fish Rissoles

1 beaten egg, 4 oz. tin Kraft Fish Paste, ½ small onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ lb. mashed potatoes, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper to taste.

Mix beaten egg with Fish Paste, lightly blend in seasoned potatoes,

flour and onion; roll out small portions in the breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat till crisp and golden brown. Serves four.

Tastier Supper Savouries



While you are out in the kitchen waiting for the kettle to boil spread Kraft Fish Paste thickly on buttered toast, sprinkle with lemon juice, season, slice and serve hot. It's just as easy as that to turn on a really mouth-watering suppertime snack!

Or spread Kraft Fish Paste on thin slices of buttered bread and serve rolled like asparagus rolls for quick party sandwiches.

Here's another hot savoury suggestion:

Fish Savouries

4 oz. Kraft Fish Paste, 4 oz. Krusto, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons water, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, parsley sprigs.

Mix the Fish Paste and breadcrumbs together and add water, lemon juice and onion. Pepper and salt to taste. Prepare pastry according to directions—roll out thinly and cut into rounds the size of a breakfast cup. Place round edges with water. Place small portions of the mixture on pastry and fold over in half. Fry in deep fat for 3 minutes or until golden brown, both sides. These may be baked for 10 mins in a hot oven. If baked glaze with egg white. Garnish with parsley.

SOUP SURPRISES

It's easy to add a richer, tastier flavour to vegetable or meat soups by slipping a dash of Bonox into the mixture—one teaspoon of Bonox to every pint of soup.



Mock Mushroom Soup

½ stick celery, ½ medium-sized white onion, ½ cup pearl barley, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, sprig parsley, ¾ cups water (30 oz.), 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon Bonox, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, cream (optional).

Put 3 cups water in saucepan and add chopped celery stalks, chopped onions, barley, salt and peppercorns, parsley and celery tops tied loosely in a piece of cheesecloth. Simmer for one hour, then remove cheesecloth and its contents. Strain stock; return vegetables and barley to saucepan with remaining water. Bring to boil; mix well before rubbing through sieve. Blend butter and flour then add milk. Boil a few minutes before adding Bonox and stock. Re-heat and serve with cream. Serves 4-5.

Vegetable Soup

1 cup diced carrots, ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup cubed potatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped onions, 2 cups water or meat stock, 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch cayenne, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Bonox.

Cook covered 30 minutes over low heat, carrots, celery, potatoes, onions, water. Mash through strainer, add rest of ingredients. Simmer 10 minutes. To use leftover cooked vegetables, cook 20 minutes. Serve with a garnish of shredded cheese. Makes 6 servings.

SPECIAL! BEEF STEW

1½ pounds meat, 1 teaspoon Bonox, 3 medium potatoes, diced, 3 carrots, diced, 1 cup diced turnips, 3 onions, sliced, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 4 cups boiling water.

Trim the fat from the meat and place in a frying pan over low heat until the fat is melted. Cut the meat into 1 to 1½ inch cubes; brown the meat in the hot fat. Transfer the browned meat to a saucepan, rinse the frying pan with the boiling water; pour the water over the meat; add salt, pepper and Bonox. Simmer until the meat is tender or about 2 hours. Add the diced potatoes and the other vegetables; cook until the vegetables are tender or about 20 minutes. It may be necessary to add more water during the stewing period. Thicken the stew by adding 2 tablespoons of flour which has been mixed to a paste with water and stirring until the stew boils. Serves 4-6.

Split Pea Soup

1 cup split peas, 1½ pints cold water, ½ cup milk, 1 oz. pickled pork, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 2 teaspoons Bonox.

Prepare peas and soak several hours. Drain. Add cold water, pork and onion. Simmer 3 or 4 hours or until soft enough to rub through sieve. Add melted butter and flour which have been cooked together, salt and pepper and Bonox. Dilute with milk or thicken as desired. Serves 4-6.

Or you can add that piquant Bonox flavour to the soup course, by serving your soup with Bonox-flavoured toast sippets or savoury biscuits. Just spread the toast or biscuits lightly with Bonox and that's all there is to it.

How Does Your Gravy Go?

When gravy is cooked and ready to serve, give it a whirl with the egg beater and you can be sure it will come out smooth as satin.

To the rescue! When you've accidentally put too much salt in the gravy, all you have to do is to pop a few slices of raw potato into the dish and continue cooking for a few minutes. They'll absorb the excess of salt—get your gravy tasting just right again.

Make the gravy a special feature of the meal simply by seasoning it with Bonox—and see how that rich Bonox flavour gets “Ohs” and “Ahs” of enjoyment from everyone who tastes it.

Of course you know that a piping hot cup of Bonox is a great refresher on wintry days too! That steaming Bonox warms you right through. It gives you a LIFT when you are cold and tired—helps to build up resistance to colds and flu. Drinking Bonox regularly stimulates the digestive juices and helps you to get the most out of the other foods you eat.

Listen to “MARY

LIVINGSTONE, M.D.”

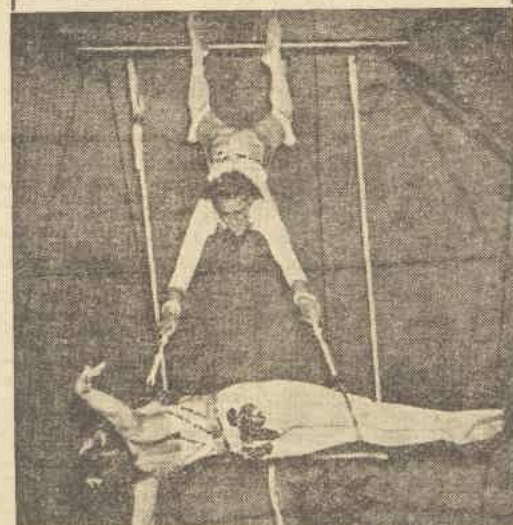
The enthralling life story of a brilliant woman doctor.

Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.

Brought to you by KRAFT

The makers of Kraft Cheese, Vegemite, Bonox, Kraft Fish Pastes and Krusto Pastry Mix

DARING YOUNG PAIR



High on the flying trapeze swing the daring Laconas... daredevil trapeze artists who thrill the crowd with their breath-taking aerial acrobatics.

We interviewed Aub and Mary Lacona in the side wing of the big top. “We’ve got to keep fit in this game,” Aub told us between curtain calls. “And that’s not always easy when we’re performing in a draughty circus tent. But a cup of hot Bonox before and after the act keeps out the cold. Stops ‘Old Man Flu’ too.” That daily cup of steaming hot Bonox is just the thing to give you added vitality and protection this winter. Bonox tones up the system... builds up resistance to cold germs... wards off ‘Old Man Flu’! Be sure you are safe this winter by drinking daily cups of steaming hot Bonox.

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Something very SPECIAL

KRAFT
FISH
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4 oz.
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SLIGHTLY DEARER
IN COUNTRY
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5 Tasty
Varieties!

1. Anchovy 2. Banchovy 3. Scallop
4. Blister 5. Lobster

FISH CASSEROLE

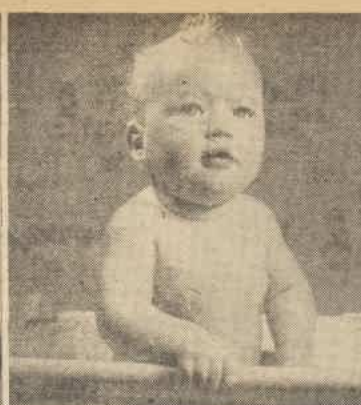
½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 to 4 ozs. Kraft Fish Paste, 1 dessertspoon capers or sultanas, sprig of mint (optional), 1½ cups cooked mixed vegetables, ½ small onion, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, salt, pepper.

Make white sauce with milk and cornflour. Season. Add Fish Paste, capers or sultanas, mint, all vegetables except potatoes. Place in greased casserole, cover with mashed potatoes and bake in hot oven 400 degrees F. for ½ hour. Serves 4-5.

NO COUPONS NEEDED!

KRAFT
Fish Pastes

Also in ONE oz. Tins K716



Oh, Mum, come here a minute . . .

And tell me something about this soap stuff.

Why is it so smooth on my tummy . . . ?

And so scratchy in my eyes?



BRIDGET DRISCOLL, London fashion artist, wears a Chaimaux black straw beret trimmed with crimson bunchy leather. Like most London milliners, Chaimaux favors the French line.

Mannequins must look slick

London artist describes life in British world of fashion

Although a successful English mannequin earns big money she has to spend her pennies carefully, according to London fashion artist Bridget Driscoll, who is here on a six months' visit

"The good mannequin must always look slick, and that's an expensive matter these days," Miss Driscoll said.

"SHE must make frequent visits to the hairdresser, and her wardrobe must be large, because she often has to wear her own accessories at parades."

Attractive enough to be a mannequin herself, Miss Driscoll is slim and vivacious. She has Irish-black hair, sparkling blue eyes, and the finely textured English complexion.

As art director of the British trade magazine *Fashions and Fabrics*, she attended most of London's fashion shows.

Miss Driscoll thinks Australian girls with poise and appearance

would be welcomed by English fashion houses.

"The London fashion world is busier than it has ever been, and fashion houses are always looking for new girls," she said.

"Best paid are the absolute glamor girls who slouch slightly, but there is ample scope for all types."

"The standard is high, but the girls who reach it and look after themselves are often top-liners for ten years."

Miss Driscoll said London dress designers now worked closely with milliners to achieve the "silhouette tie-up," which calls for complete harmony of line between hats and frocks.

The French had concentrated on this point for some time, but it was new to England.

She is convinced that America will never replace France as the world's leading fashion nation.

"Dress sense is born into the French and they'll always be ahead," she said.

"American clothes are slick and hard-looking, but the French get a feminine look into even their most tailored clothes."

"Despite shortages French fashion houses are still tops and the ideas really come from Paris."

During the war Miss Driscoll was a London firewatcher at night and worked each day at the Ministry of Food.

She returned to the fashion world just before the end of the war.

"We're turning out some lovely stuff in England, but most of it is for export," she said.

"We can't buy much because of clothes rationing, and development of our export trade is most important at the moment, so we don't mind doing without."

Miss Driscoll said London's night life was very gay with women wearing evening dress as much as possible.

"Lots of women are wearing the ankle-length ballerina frock, and I think Australian women will love them," she said.

"They're beautifully feminine, and look lovely on the dance floor."

No dress suits

MEN wore lounge suits most of the time because tailors were months behind with their orders, but a short frock was rarely seen at a nightclub.

Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten often visited nightclubs with their friends. They danced together most of the time.

Miss Driscoll said that although many young people "lived around" London and provincial dance halls in informal clothes, they were not able to copy the curious dress worn by American bobby-soxers and teenagers.

"The informal dress they wear to dance halls can't be freakish, because it has to be worn to work as well," she said.

"They just haven't the coupons to buy jeans and loose sweaters, but they're just as enthusiastic about their dancing, and get hep with the best of them."

Just before she left England with her mother, Miss Driscoll purchased a century-old house in Sloane Square. It is now being renovated and she hopes it will be ready when she returns to England at the end of the year.

The entire first floor of the house is being turned into a studio.

Paris Fashion Parades give bell-boy chance

He's cutting patterns of Paris frocks as step towards career as designer

Eighteen-year-old Jim Dixon, who was a bell-boy at the Australia Hotel, Sydney, less than a year ago, is well on the way to making dress designing his career.

This ambition was inspired by meeting Madame Caroline Chambrelent, who came to Australia to direct The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades last year.

UNDER the supervision of French designer Lou Clavery, Jim now spends from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day cutting copies of patterns of the frocks brought here from Paris for our second series of Paris Fashion Parades.

And as well as cutting patterns and pressing frocks he learns all he can about the art of dress designing, and takes every opportunity to improve his French.

After Jim left St Joseph's College last year he became a bell-boy to fill in time.

When Madame Chambrelent arrived to direct our parades he took flowers and other parcels to her suite.

She was delighted when he spoke to her in fairly good French.

Jim was anxious to hear all he could about the great Paris fashion world, and before long her descriptions made him ambitious to become a designer.

On her advice he attended a dress-making school to learn drafting.

Then he spent hours daily mastering sewing under the direction of his aunt, who is a professional dressmaker in Sydney.

"The first week or so was hard going, but now I can herringbone, oversew, backsew or do catch-stitch," said Jim in an interview.

He's frank about his qualifications. He can do pleats, but he says he still has to learn ruching.

The hours that he stands every day at the trestle with pencil, ruler and cutter are pure joy to Jim.

He regards it as invaluable experience.

He is always on the alert to pick up more knowledge.

As Madame Chambrelent held up a Carven model he examined it minutely and asked her how some clever effects had been achieved.

He is determined to get to Paris somehow and Madame Chambrelent

has promised to help him when he arrives.

Although enthusiastic about dress designing Jim is not throwing away other chances.

He won a scholarship for an accountancy course and intends to complete it, even if he has to finish it while he is in Paris.

After his long day at the cutting table he goes home and studies accountancy. He is up to cost accounting.

Jim's first choice for a career was the Navy. He passed the exams for a cadet midshipman, but was not among the lads finally selected.

He attributes some of his interest in design to his mother's insistence that he should always be neatly dressed and that he should choose colors carefully.

In return he took an interest in her clothes and often suggested a different way to wear a piece of jewellery or to tie a scarf, so that it would be more attractive.

He designed an ice-blue taffeta evening frock worn at St Joseph's College ball this year. It had a scalloped neckline and tiny puffed sleeves.

Jim maintains that the success of a frock depends on the cut, and he likes simple clothes.

For the next few months he will be kept busy reading the French instructions and cutting off patterns of all the lovely gowns brought to Australia for the parades.

Next step on his way to Paris is fashion drawing.



JIM DIXON, former bell-boy at the Australia Hotel, who spent the months between our Paris Fashion Parades learning to draft patterns and sew, presses one of the model frocks which appear in the parades. He is now cutting patterns of the dresses.

Why did one Marriage go wrong?

It was a double wedding, the talk of the town . . . brides and grooms made a wonderful picture, and all seemed set for a rosy future for each young couple. But one marriage succeeded, the other failed—why?

JIM and JUDY

1. Jim and Judy had plenty of money behind them, and before and after the wedding they made full use of it. They were living beyond their income, and dipping in the bank to make up the difference.
2. It's easy to get into the habit of careless spending . . . to pay high prices without question . . . to pay a little more for preferential supply of scarce goods . . . to buy on impulse a lot of things that are not really needed. Jim and Judy soon found their funds were running low.
3. Whenever they made plans—they found that lack of money was their downfall. As for saving, it seemed out of the question. Jim's income couldn't meet expenditure at the rate they were going.
4. Once money has been spent, it's twice as hard to build it up again. Jim found self-denial difficult, and Judy loved her little luxuries. Quarrels over money troubles became frequent, and another marriage was headed for the rocks—because of careless spending.

BILL and MARY

1. Bill and Mary knew that freedom from financial worries is an important factor for successful marriage. They financed their wedding out of savings during their engagement. The money Bill had been building up for years remained intact.
2. Mary had planned the sort of home she wanted, and she knew that saving was the only way to get it. She was glad to spend to a budget and forego luxuries for the benefit of future years.
3. To get the best return from their savings Bill and Mary bought Bonds. And they put money aside every pay-day to buy Savings Certificates and Bonds by instalments. In this way their funds were increased at better than bank rates of interest . . . more money still for enjoyment in the future.
4. By careful spending, and planned saving, Bill and Mary have made their future secure. When the time is ripe, they'll have the money to put their plans in action, and make their dreams come true. There is a happy, successful marriage.

Now is the time to *save*, not to spend . . . to build up a fund of money which will secure your future and enable you to obtain full value and real enjoyment in the years to come. Make the best use of your money . . . save every penny you can, and invest your savings—both bank deposits and regular savings from income—in Bonds and Savings Certificates . . . earn better than bank interest while you wait.

5 WAYS TO SECURE YOUR FUTURE—AND AUSTRALIA'S

1. Buy only what you really need. Spend wisely—get full value. Save all you can.
2. Pay no more than the fixed or regular prices. Always surrender coupons.
3. Don't waste money on blackmarket goods.
4. Pay your way. Settle your debts. Buy for cash.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds, Savings Certificates and Stamps. Later on you'll have the money, plus the interest, to spend on better goods in plentiful supply at better values. Hold all the Bonds and Certificates you own.

Save for Security

BUY BONDS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD weeks are ahead for most Leonians, Sagittarians, and Arians now, with opportunities for travel, promotion, and gains.

Many Librans and Geminians also benefit considerably, but Scorpions, Taurians, and Aquarians should live cautiously and avoid discord and worry.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Fortune favors you on July 29 (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.), but dodge upsets on July 30, 31, and August 2. August 3 (to 9 p.m.) quite helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware indiscretions now, and keep to routine tasks. July 29 and August 1 poor; 2 and 3 tricky and adverse, so be cautious.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): July 29 difficult, August 3 (except 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.) very good, August 4 and 5 tricky, so use discretion this week.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Consolidate past gains now, and avoid new ventures. July 29, 30, 31, August 1 and 2 all poor. August 3 (except 9 p.m.) very good, 4 and 5 helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): A difficult week, in which caution is needed. July 29 (except 8 p.m.) very good, August 1, 2, and 3 adverse; 4 can prove unexpectedly helpful. Plan ahead.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Spectacular days now, when routine tasks prove best. July 29 poor, 30 (to dusk), 31, and



"I'm beginning to feel the same way about professors as I did about officers."

August 1 (to 3 p.m.) all fair. August 2, 4, and 5 poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Be cautious and keep to routine this week. July 29 to August 1 poor; August 2 adverse, 3 (except 8 p.m.) can prove quite fortunate for minor matters.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Beware pitfalls of all kinds now, and avoid changes. July 29 and August 1 poor; 2 adverse, 3 very deceptive. Be cautious and keep to routine tasks.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Good fortune is ahead, so plan wisely and seek gains. July 29 good, 31 fair, August 2 adverse, 3 (except 9 a.m.) excellent for gains. August 4 and 5 poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Routine tasks pay best dividends now. July 29 (to dusk), 31, (after 5 a.m.), and August 1 (except 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.) all fair. August 2 adverse.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Guard against upsets and quarrels of all kinds now. July 29 (to dusk) difficult, August 2 adverse, 3 continuing. Keep to routine tasks.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Plan ahead for better weeks. Meanwhile July 29 and August 2 are difficult; August 4 (early) and 5 (near sunset) mildly helpful.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: 25-30 (25-30 expires August 17), BUTTER: 25-27 (expires August 17, when 25-30 become available), MEAT: 25-30, 31-35 (25-30 available August 3); green, 65 and 67 (65-71 available August 3), CLOTHING: 1-50 current.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have successfully solved the mysterious poison dart murders. Murderer is found to be Gallo, first violinist, insanely jealous over an opera he has composed. With Mandrake's help he is handed over to the police. We now find Mandrake and Lothar resting at the home of

COLONEL BARTON: Wealthy explorer and scientist, who has just returned from an expedition on his yacht, and **BETTY:** His beautiful blonde daughter. At the girl's insistence, Mandrake produces from the air an enormous glass bottle, and proceeds to entertain with a few magic tricks. NOW READ ON:



WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE OF? SUGAR, AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE---



I HELPED HIM WITH THE TRICK. DAD, AND I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT!

AND HE'LL NEVER TELL! MANDRAKE, MEET CAPTAIN BEEKER AND FIRST MATE SIMS, OF MY YACHT. NOW--I'D LIKE TO CHAT WITH MANDRAKE, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US.

MANDRAKE, WE'RE LEAVING SOON ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC. I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU WITH US.

THAT'S KIND OF YOU, COLONEL BARTON, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT I--



MAYBE I CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND. I DARE SAY YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE! NO ONE ELSE HAS! A NATURAL PEARL--THE COLOR OF A LIVING FLAME!

A FLAME PEARL!



I GOT IT BY CHANCE. I BELIEVE I CAN FIND MORE LIKE IT SOMEWHERE IN THIS VICINITY. NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS BUT MYSELF--AND YOU. WELL? DO YOU JOIN ME?

HOW CAN I SAY NO? IT SOUNDS LIKE REAL ADVENTURE!



OUTSIDE THE DOOR, FIRST MATE SIMS LISTENS--

FLAME PEARLS! SO THAT'S WHAT THE OLD BOY'S AFTER! GIVING US THAT EYEWASH ABOUT A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION! MAYBE I WOULDN'T LIKE A HANDFUL OF THEM! LET THEM TRY AND STOP ME!



NO ONE KNOWS THE REAL PURPOSE OF OUR VOYAGE, MANDRAKE, THE FLAME PEARL IS A DEEP SECRET AND---



JUST A MINUTE, COLONEL BARTON! YES--I THOUGHT SO!

TO BE CONTINUED



UPHILL TRUDGE through snow when ski lift is not working. Sydney visitors to Chalet at Kosciuszko, Mardi Mat, Dorothy Boyd, and Helen Shirley. These attractive lasses are keen skiers.



SETTING OFF for Ski Club of Australia's Downhill race on Mt. Twynham. Mrs. Venn Wesche (left), Mrs. John Laidley, Mrs. Bill Adams, Nuttie Mackellar, Helen Burdekin, and Bill Adams.



YOUNGER SET skiers who enjoyed the thrills of the snow included Ruth Nelson (left) and Ski Club members Diana Maple Brown, Anne Litchfield, and Antonia Blaxland.

Gettings from Kosciuszko

MEETING at Chalet this year is record for Ski Club of Australia, which is first of clubs to have snow reunion.

Fortnight starts off with good weather, but ends unfavorably.

Though latter days are ideal for "fireside ski-ing," snowy slopes are worked overtime.

Biggest disappointment of season is that ski lift is still not working. Uphill plodding leaves so much less time for thrills of sport.

CLIMAX of fortnight's stay is the wind-up dinner, at which founder and president of the Ski Club, Dr. Bertie Schlink, presides.

His was first name inscribed on Pauss (championship) Cup, which he presents to winner, Dickie Laidley Dowling. Dickie takes largest share of trophies with Teece and Staraker Cups besides.

Club captain Len Bligh and Jill McDonald are runners-up for championship cup, which was presented to club when it was founded in 1920 by Norwegian consul, Mr. Pauss.

NO accommodation for professionals at the Chalet this year, so more experienced skiers put the younger club members through their paces.

See Nuttie Mackellar among those giving a helping hand on the slopes.

JILL McDONALD wins women's championship, and gets Adams Cup, donated by Mrs. Arnold Moulden, of Adelaide, formerly Mary Adams.

Jill and Marie Gelling have to postpone a trip to White's River Hut because of bad weather, before setting off for championships at Mt. Hotham.



CHALET MANAGER George Day shows newly installed sound projector to Shirley Gray and Joan Wilkinson (right). Skiers come from Betts Camp to pictures, a distance of more than two miles.



FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT of Ski Club of Australia, Dr. Bertie Schlink, outside clubhouse with fellow member, Mrs. Ashleigh Davy.



AT FIRESIDE. Attractive informal clothes are worn by members of Ski Club Mrs. Mil Loneragan (left), Mrs. Charles McDermott.



ALPINE CLUB PRESIDENT Dr. Justin Markell and Mr. George Beswick (extreme right) are farewelled by Dr. Markell's sister, Mrs. J. Searcy-Hammond (left), Mrs. Markell before leaving on ski-ing trip.

BRIAN PAGE is one of the most popular racers... calls himself "Be in it" Page.

With no more than three weeks in the snow previously (two of which he had in America), he tackles every race, from novice to Langlauf events.

GRAND to see younger generation accompanying parents to the snowfields.

Mrs. Pat Osborne, of Currandooley, Bungendore, is with her twin sons, Pat and Michael, and Mrs. Gregory Blaxland brings along daughter Antonia as a new member of Ski Club.

Other young members present are Tony Prell and Diana Maple Brown, Goulburn; Anne and Jim Litchfield, Cooma; and Helen Burdekin, Sydney.

LOTS of fun provided by rope race, instituted about 1935 for married couples and kept going as an exclusive club event ever since.

Couples draw for partners and turn up wearing oddest assortments of clothing for difficult descent.

Fancy dress, which makes its first appearance this year, may become a tradition.

After rope race, Ski Club's last-week parties begin with a "do" given by Mrs. Charles McDermott, Felicia Garvan, Dick Allen, Emil Sodersten, and Alistair Stephen.

THE Bill Adams and Len Bligha are among joint hosts and hostesses at a traditional Guelweinst party.

Chalet manager, Mr. George Day, and Mrs. Day entertain Ski Club's long-standing members at after-dinner party.

PEGGY Laidley has to come up without husband, Dr. Laidley, who can't get away at last minute.

Duties of Dr. Laidley, who has been club secretary for close on 20 years, are carried out by treasurer, Dick Allen, who is praised for his job during wind-up dinner speeches.

OUTSTANDING holiday fashions include Mrs. Len Bligh's powder-blue Fair Isle jumper, Mrs. Bob Loneragan's Braemar jumper in scarlet, topping plaid skirt, and leaf-green velvet shoulder-strapped skirt worn over a yellow blouse, and Mrs. Bill Adams' lovely pink Braemar jumper offset by burgundy velvet slacks.

CORDUROY velvet is popular...

Mrs. Bill Adams wears a royal-blue slacksuit, and Mrs. Pat Osborne and Mrs. Gregory Blaxland wear tailored slacks.

Mrs. A. T. Reid wears and knits ski socks of greasy wool spun from fleece grown on her husband's property at Carlingford.

Owners of real pearls don them with all types of informal after-ski wear so they will keep their lustre.

BEST snow reminiscences are those of Dr. Bertie Schlink, who has wonderful memory for pioneering experiences.

Stories include a tale about his scarlet trousers, which he has taken to Kosciuszko since he asked his tailor for a pair "no one else would want," in 1915.

Request followed an episode at Betts Camp before it had electricity, when first up was best-dressed.

RESIDENT medico during Ski Club's stay is 74-year-old Dr. R. M. Mackay, Lavender Bay, who has been doing term of residency at either Chalet or Hotel for 20 years.

Another doctor is Mrs. J. B. Brown, formerly Shirley Scandrett, who left behind four-year-old James and 15-months-old Lindy to make her first trip to the snow for six years.

ALPINIST Bob Ward is confronted with large circulation at Chalet of his work, "Skiers' Handbook," which he tells me has run into a second edition.

Alpinists have lots reminiscences about the fire which demolished old Chalet in 1938, when Alpine Club was in complete residence.

Vim Schmeltchek produces a picture taken few hours before fire, which includes current club visitors to Chalet—secretary Tom Southwell-Keely, Moira Barnes, Bob Ward, Jon Biggs, Lindsay George, and himself.

DR. NORMAN MACINDOE, member of Alpine Club just home after doing eye research work abroad, sends club a telegram of wishes for good meeting and snow.

Trip includes visit to England, America, Canada, Norway, and Sweden, and also Switzerland, where Dr. Macindoe skied on the three snowfields, and lived in a chalet at Grindelwald.

He is planning an August visit to chalet at Kosciuszko.

joyce

WORTH Reporting

UNITED States Information Libraries in Australia have closed, and Mrs. Helen Wessels, director of the Melbourne library, is the only one left of the pioneers of the service.

As she finished her job, Mrs. Wessels told us some of the entertaining and surprising queries that have come to the library during her four years in Australia.

"Our biggest gasp was when a man walked in and demanded a United States Directory," she said.

One day a man came in and wanted to know the name of a tune.

He wandered round the library whistling it until suddenly an old man reader piped up with the information that it was "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Another man was worried about the kind of clothing his wife wore, and went away happily with a copy of "The Art of Personal Appearance."

A woman wanted to know how to make pumpkin pie, and another asked how to build a barbecue.

The Taronga Park Zoo wished to get in touch with Dr. Carl Van Hoffman, noted U.S. anthropologist and explorer who was in Australia three months ago.

"We heard that Dr. Van Hoffman was prowling about on a Barrier Reef Island, but we might contact him through the Premier's office in Brisbane," said Mrs. Wessels. "We rang up Brisbane, and just by a stroke of luck the doctor was seated right by the telephone in the Premier's office when we called."

Apart from heavy mail and telephone inquiries, more than 125,000 people have visited the Melbourne library.

BRITISH children, in the throes of their half-yearly examinations, produced the usual crop of entertaining howlers.

To the question "What is a man who always expects the worst to happen?" ten Essex children out of 120 answered "Mr. Shinwell" (Minister for Fuel), and 25 others replied "Dad."

Had it both ways

OWNERS of a block of land in Florida were torn between their desire to build their home with a view over the vast sweep of ocean and the advantages of a site overlooking the quiet, still waters of Lake Worth.

Solution of their problem was to build one wing of their house on one side of the highway, giving its huge dining-room an uninterrupted ocean view.

Then they bought another block of land on the other side of the highway to build a second wing, looking out on the lake.

Under the highway they built a tunnel to connect the two and turned it into a cocktail bar.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Oh, Mr. Johnson! Your moose call came through! Here's your party!"

The Australian Women's Weekly—August 2, 1947

Animal Antics



"You couldn't lend me four-pence, could you? Or are you short?"

"Yeah!"

Fried whale

THE latest Women's Voluntary Services Bulletin from London gives recipes for cooking whale meat, fried with onions or curried.

The writer reports that she fried the whale meat, which costs 1/10 per pound, with onions, and that her guests exclaimed: "Where did you get this lovely steak?"

She adds that the British will probably take to whale, since they have taken to horse, and quotes a housewife as saying of horse:

"Yes, dear, with summer vegetables and a few mushrooms it makes a delightful stew if only I didn't have to hope that it was not one I'd ever met out hunting."

How to make friends

A MEMBER of our London staff who is neither old nor unattractive went into a West End gramophone store the other day to buy a record of Peter Dawson singing "Waltzing Matilda."

The young man behind the counter turned over his catalogue. "I don't think we have it at the moment," he said. "In fact, I'm pretty sure we haven't. Now I come to think of it, another old geezer came in asking for it only a couple of days ago."

Since then our colleague has been looking nervously at her reflection in every shop window she passes.

Berthed on mud

WHILE the coastal motor vessel Koolinda is berthed at Broome, W.A., passengers can take their daily walk round the keel instead of round the deck.

At Broome the tide has a 30ft. rise and fall (Derby, 213 miles farther north, has a 34ft. tide), and ships are left sitting in the mud at low tide.

Miss Beulah Carter, who recently travelled from Darwin to Perth in the Koolinda, tells us that at Broome, 8 a.m. found several Koolinda passengers walking over mud flats to starboard, and awaiting sunrise to take photographs.

Other early-risers were taking their walk round the ship, equipped with thick-soled old shoes as a protection against the broken bottles that lurk in the tidal mud.

By 11.30 a.m. the ship pulled out in about 20 feet of water. At the ebb of spring tides, the wrecks of several flying-boats, strafed and sunk by Zeros in 1942, can be seen two or three miles off-shore.

Theatre in Japan

CARELLA ALDEN, American actress and producer, now in Australia, has been for the past 18 months in Japan producing shows at the Ernie Pyle Theatre in Tokyo for occupation troops.

Originally a Japanese theatre, built in 1937, the Ernie Pyle Theatre was renamed as a tribute to the American war correspondent.

"It's revolving stages, scene lifts, and German lighting equipment make it a producer's dream," said Miss Alden.

Of the Japanese civilian theatre Miss Alden told us: "Western ears and eyes are constantly surprised at the entertainment world of Tokyo. Playing to the Japanese public when I arrived were an all-Japanese Shakespearean company, opera company, and ballet company."

"All were presented in the classical Western tradition, though the words of Shakespeare were spoken in Japanese."

"The ballet company I saw present 'Les Sylphides' was perhaps not up to the standard of the States, but the performance was true in every respect to the Western tradition."

"When trained by the Western method the occidental voice changes entirely from the monotonous, highly pitched sing-song we expect," Miss Alden went on.

"The idea of attending a Japanese performance of 'Carmen' seemed at first too fantastic. Actually it was quite good, and was sung in French."

English plays including "Quality Street" and "Pygmalion" were presented regularly in Japanese to Japanese audiences.

DURING the first day's shooting of test scenes at the Commonwealth Film Laboratories, Sydney, for Ealing's "Eureka Stockade," an aeroplane flew over, the sound spoiling one of the takes.

"Curse it," muttered director Harry Watt, "the Wright brothers!"

Gift horse satisfactory

WEDDING presents in England these days are no longer plated cruets, bedside lamps, or canteens of cutlery. Instead one sees pride of place given to half a dozen glass-clothes, meaning the expenditure of clothes coupons; a book shelf, wood being almost impossible to come by; a box of groceries, the outcome of weeks of careful saving of the family food points; or, on a larger scale, a dilapidated barn on a friend's or relative's estate suitable for conversion into a residence.

Latest addition to these peculiar presents comes from the members of the Puckeridge Hunt in Hertfordshire, whose wedding gift to Captain C. G. E. Barclay was a hunter complete with saddle and bridle.

In his wedding speech the captain could not resist the old tag about looking a gift horse in the mouth, and, in this instance, finding everything eminently satisfactory.

Versatile table

AN all-purpose table called Dody, on show at the Australia Makes It exhibition in Victoria, can be used as a lecture desk, as a back-rest behind pillows, as an ironing, surgical, telephone, typewriter, or games table.

It consists of 32 parts which can be assembled by anyone, can be taken to pieces and packed into a small space. Its top is plastic, and cannot be marked or burnt.

The inventor of it, Dr. Marcel Clynes, said he called the table Dody because the word is an easy one which could be pronounced in the same way in any country in the world.

Before coming to Australia nine years ago, Dr. Clynes was senior lecturer for Naval Architecture at Vienna University for eight years.

During the war he invented, among other things, a machine for cutting quartz crystals.

His son Manfred won a music scholarship to America last year.



"I dropped my RINSO out of the window!"

STOP washday rubbing with **RINSO'S THICKER RICHER SUDS**

I LET RINSO'S THICKER RICHER SUDS DO ALL THE WASH AND GIVE OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAP RUBBING THE GO-BY!

GOOD IDEA! NO RUBBING OR SCRUBBING MEANS CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER. YES... **RINSO'S SUDS** CERTAINLY DO SAVE TIME AND WORK!

LOOK! MY CLOTHES ARE WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW—SILKS AND COLOURED'S FRESH AS APRIL SHOWERS. AND I USE RINSO FOR WASHING UP TOO. IT DISSOLVES GREASE IN A FLASH!

Rinso
GIVES THICKER RICHER SUDS

2 237 22

LANTIGEN drives out poisonous CATARRH,



**BRONCHITIS, Bronchial
Asthma, Recurrent Colds,
Sinus or Antrum Infections**

Establish long-lasting Immunity

Modern dissolved oral vaccine Lantigen 'B' combats Catarrh germs—neutralises germ poisons—promptly relieves stuffy Catarrhal head—clears nasal passages—frees breathing, eases tight, bronchial congestion—improves general health—increases resistance to infection—helps create long-lasting immunity.



A Different, More Effective Treatment—Which Immunises Too!

Lantigen 'B' provides dramatic benefits because it is a **dissolved oral vaccine**. That is to say it is a vaccine to be taken by mouth instead of by injection. It is, therefore, very different to an ordinary medicine.

It is produced under medical supervision by skilled bacteriologists, specially to combat the specific germs which are responsible for Catarrhal and Bronchial infections. It is absorbed by the body through the tissues of the mouth and throat and through the walls of the small intestine.

Five-fold Benefits

Lantigen 'B' acts promptly in five ways:—

1. It stimulates the development in the system of special "anti-bodies" or natural anti-dotes to the Catarrh germs.
2. These anti-bodies fight and destroy the invading organisms.
3. They neutralise the germ poisons causing the unpleasant symptoms.
4. They build up bodily resistance and help establish immunity against further infection sometimes for years.
5. General health is greatly improved.

**THESE ARE THE GERMS
WHICH CAUSE CATARRH AND
SIMILAR DISORDERS**



STREPTOCOCCI

PNEUMOCOCCI

B. INFLUENZAE

MICROCOCCUS CATARRHALIS

For over 11 years thousands of users of Lantigen 'B', not only in Australia, but in many other parts of the world, have proved its value.

A few of the remarkable results from using Lantigen 'B' are referred to in the letters printed in this announcement.

Marvellous for CATARRH:

"Lantigen 'B' is a marvellous treatment for Catarrh. I feel quite a new man. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

(Mr.) E. McKee,
Glenlee Station, N.Z.

Wonderful Benefit—CATARRH and SINUS TROUBLE:

"I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh, Sinus and Antrum trouble. Treatment for many years failed to do me any good but after one bottle I feel a new woman."

(Mrs.) D. Camage, Mount St.,
Blacktown, N.S.W.

29 Years With BRONCHIAL CATARRH, Now Well:

"My mother has had bronchial catarrh for about 29 years... she could not lie on her right side without being nearly stifled with coughing. 5 weeks ago she decided to take Lantigen 'B' and hasn't coughed since."

(Miss) B. Lane, 12 Kable St.,
Windsor, N.S.W.

Canadian BRONCHITIS

Sufferer—Prompt Relief:

"I have been a sufferer from bronchitis for a number of years and have tried all kinds of remedies without effect. I tried Lantigen 'B' and felt relief almost immediately."

(Mrs.) W. MacDonald, Bagot St.,
Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

RECURRENT COLDS Curbed:

"My elder son was never without a cold. Since taking Lantigen 'B' he has not had one cold."

(Mrs.) M. C., Abbotsford, N.S.W.

Doesn't Catch

BRONCHIAL COLDS Now:

"I have been Bronchial for years. Before I took Lantigen 'B' I was always getting colds. After taking one bottle I have not had a cold for 18 months."

(Mr.) M. Nash, 37 Philly St.,
Enmore, N.S.W.

Nearly Blind With CATARRH:

"I have taken two bottles (of Lantigen 'B') and got wonderful relief. My case was a bad one."

I went nearly blind and lost my hearing—both nostrils were blocked up. Now my nose is clear and hearing back to normal."

(Mr.) J. D., Tasmania.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA and CATARRH:

"I had a bad attack of Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh and was four months in bed. I had injections, tablets and medicines which did me no good. I was about again for two months—then bedridden again... I heard of Lantigen 'B'. In three weeks I was up and about and have improved ever since."

J. V. Pollett,
20 Goodhope St.,
Paddington, N.S.W.

DOUBLY PROVED BY USERS AND BY SCIENCE



The continued success of oral vaccines is praised by Dr. E. Cronin Lowe in the "British Medical Journal" where he says "Clinical response has been most definitely marked" . . . by the Pickett Thomson Research Laboratories, London, in the same Journal, and by leading research workers in all parts of the world.

Lantigen 'B' is a modern dissolved oral vaccine and your chemist will know of its successful use right in your own district. You can use Lantigen 'B' with confidence . . .

not to harm the heart or any other organ of the body.

Because it is simple to take—just a few drops in water at bedtime.

Because it is economical—In the doses recommended it costs less than 3d per day to use.

And especially because it has been proved so effective that you can expect from it the great benefits so many other people have already obtained.

Because it is safe—Lantigen 'B' contains no drugs and is guaranteed

ASK YOUR CHEMIST, therefore, for Lantigen 'B' today, to bring you general relief from Catarrhal and Bronchial trouble and place you on the road to general good health.

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

(£1/1/- per bottle—the Recommended Treatment costs less than 3d. per day).

Lantigen 'B'

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BACK in his room, he shut the door and leaned against it. Somewhere at the bottom of his valise at home was the Arab outfit he'd used to get over the lines at Tobruk. . . he felt a lightness in his head. He burst into Arabic as he wrote out a telegram instructing his mother to look in valise and put Arab outfit on train, to-night. The robes of Islam had become a talisman!

He pressed his bell imperiously and ordered the office boy to despatch the telegram and produce a convincing beard and some grease paint from a shop. He was called then to a conference and he went with very few ideas, but a mounting sense of excitement which not even the grim statistics of the European food situation could dampen.

When Simon got back to his desk after tea he found a message from his mother hoping he would enjoy the fancy dress dance, and the things would be on the eight o'clock train. The office boy produced a most impressive beard. Simon spun him half-a-crown and tried the grease paint. It was a shade too dark but would have to do.

Simon arrived at the office in his robes the next morning. Crowds had dispersed in front of him and he had been given a seat in the train by an overawed schoolboy. He was shown with extreme courtesy by the messenger to his own room. Obviously, there was something about his robes. Luck, apparently, still lurked in their seams, and he hoped it would hold him in good stead all the morning.

He viewed his face in the mirror. He looked really quite authentic from a distance. In the middle of this operation of survey the telephone rang. Laura's voice on the telephone could not have been sweeter or fuller of thankfulness.

"I say, just one point"—he'd better safeguard himself—"this Arab chap doesn't like getting too close to people, you know. He's got a sort of wide-open-spaces mania, so tell your photographer to keep his distance." Laura promised faithfully. Simon hadn't enjoyed himself so much since he'd mopped up a bridehead.

He ordered the commissionaire on the telephone to get him a taxi for his distinguished Arab visitor, so that everything was organised by the time he came out. The taxi-driver, roused to show off to the strange visitor, made a record trip to the photographic studio.

Simon went through a labyrinth of corridors, and then saw two anxious heads leaning over the banisters making wild signs for him to come up. He bowed very low on the bottom step and ascended.

Laura gave him a smile that he was sure she kept for Very Important Persons. The photographer, Simon was glad to see, was bald, which made him altogether much easier in his mind.

Simon bowed again and followed Laura into the studio. The bald head disappeared into a dark room, and Simon realised he was only part of the machinery. The real maestro was sitting cross-legged on a blue cushion on the floor. He smiled very weakly as Laura introduced them with gestures.

"I think he might have ironed his rags," he looked Simon up and down disdainfully. Laura smiled to take away the sting.

"I could iron them perhaps," she began placatingly. Simon clutched his robes and tried to look haughty. To take their minds off such a possibility he asked in Arabic if he could sit down and indicated a sitting position. Laura slid a chair at him, looking as though she thought he might bite her if she came too close.

"He's not a very tough-looking specimen, I must say," Mr. Felix measured Simon with a pencil. Simon sat with no means of retaliation but a growing dislike.

"I. . . I think he was a wonderful idea of yours," Laura said gallantly. "He'll magnetise the cotton industry." Simon allowed himself to smile. He did wish they would get on with the job, then he could take Laura out to lunch.

Continuing . . . Hold It

from page 4

The maestro got up and walked majestically over to the camera.

"I think we should have him just coming through that archway," The maestro struck an attitude and made the kind of gestures that Laura had said made animals adore him. Then he looked Simon over disparagingly again.

"Really, Laura, I think you might have told him to bring clean clothes; those rags of his will come out looking like sackcloth."

"I think you're horrid to make remarks like that—he might understand," Laura said.

"I thought you said he only spoke Arabic." He surveyed Simon more closely. "Did you tell him to put make-up on?"

Laura looked at Simon intently. This is it, Simon thought.

"Get him to take it off," Mr. Felix thundered. "It spoils the whole thing. I particularly want that shiny, oily look on the face. Go on, take him to the cloakroom and remove it."

"He mightn't understand," Laura said fearfully. Simon was wondering what to do.

"Do it yourself, here's a towel." The maestro picked a grey object from the table and threw it at Laura, indicating to Simon, with exaggerated gestures and ridiculous pidgin English what he wanted.

Simon said coldly, "Go to the devil" in Arabic.

"You go with him," Laura said.

THE crowd in the dining-room parted. The cake, intricate white and silver, crowned by two coldly grinning dolls, towered among the wrecked platters of food.

On Joe's arm, Jacquelin swept across the room, white satin train shimmering over the floor. The guests closed in behind her and Mr. Watson found himself peering over broadcloth shoulders and between powdered necks to catch a glimpse of her slim tanned hand lowering the silver cake knife. Plates rattled, the waiters pushed their way with ices, the chatter rose again.

The waiter who had brought him his first glass of champagne—in this crowd of suddenly strange faces Mr. Watson thought of the man as "his" waiter—appeared at his side.

"Champagne, sir?" he inquired solicitously.

Mr. Watson took it. Across the room he caught Lucille's eye and where the other guests only saw the pretty, smartly dressed mother of the bride glance at her husband, Mr. Watson, after twenty years' experience, read something between a request and a command that he talk to Joe's mother. Obeyingly he turned to her. It wasn't her fault, he supposed, that Joe had married Jacquelin.

But conversation was hopeless. She babbled of the guests, of the weather, of the food, of anything at all, without appearing to have the vaguest realisation of what was happening. It was probably easier for the groom's family, Mr. Watson thought, as he murmured agreement.

He hoped Joe had more sense than his mother seemed to have. He appeared to be a nice-enough boy—but Jacquelin, Jacquelin was his own personal miracle.

He remembered her as a tiny thing, staggering round the living-room after her bath, in her shapeless little pink bathrobe. He remembered her first dog, a nondescript poodle named Binkie around whose bedraggled neck she had tied

but Simon smiled, trying to encourage her.

"Don't be silly," Mr. Felix said sternly. "If he gives me a black eye, how do you think I'm going to take the picture?"

Subdued by such logic, Laura beckoned Simon out of the studio. She kept well ahead of him, looking back fearfully over her shoulder. Simon was sorry now he had told her to keep a distance. But now was the time to tell her everything, treat it as a joke.

"Get a move on, we've wasted enough time," Mr. Felix called, and Simon was furious that Laura seemed to think it necessary to bow down to such authority.

He answered back for her impolitely in Arabic. She had dived into a cloakroom and retrieved a pot of cold cream, which she opened and thrust at him, rubbing her cheek with her finger. She was lovely and she was very near, and Simon was not yet quite used to beautiful creamy faces tilted enticingly; but before he could kiss her the maestro came out and shouted: "Has he blacked your eye yet?"

Laura twisted away. "I think he understands; he's got the cold cream, anyway," and the moment was broken into realism.

To relieve his feelings, Simon burst out singing in Arabic. He would do justice to the part for Laura's sake, and then he would take her out to lunch to explain. He cleaned his face with cold cream. He was relieved to see he still looked swarthy. He stuck his beard on again and



marched back into the studio frowning to look more he-man.

"That's better," Mr. Felix said catching sight of Simon. He waved him to the cardboard steps, striking again the position he wanted him to hold. Laura stood watching anxiously.

At the sight of her Simon went on singing, this time a soft Arabian love song he'd learned in a desert

camp. Its soft tones were unmissable; he was glad to see Laura blushing. Felix made frantic signs to him to stop singing, but Simon went on stolidly.

"Stop, can't you, stop!" Felix waved his arms wildly. "Laura, stop him. You seem to have started this performance. He was all right before he left the studio."

Please turn to page 21

Who Giveth This Woman?

Continued from page 3

The littlest bridesmaid swooped. "I caught it," she shrieked. "I caught it."

There was laughter and chatter and champagne. Mr. Watson moved warily among missiles of good wishes. Lucille seemed perfectly calm. She smiled and agreed and laughed as though this actually were one of the happiest days of her life: Women, thought Mr. Watson gloomily, must be different.

The tall, dark bridesmaid came clattering down the stairs. "She wants you, Mrs. Watson," she called, and Lucille, talking brightly as she went, vanished.

Mr. Tyrone backed Mr. Watson into a corner and, red-faced and indignant, asked if he knew what the chamber of commerce was up to now. If Mr. Watson had listened for the next fifteen minutes he would have known.

But he was listening to a far-away Jacquelin hunched over a thousand dinner tables, telling him of her friendships and her feuds, her first discovery of poetry, her miseries and her triumphs at Miss Hawkins' dancing class.

He smiled and nodded at Mr. Tyrone and wondered what dinners would be like from now on. Not that he and Lucille hadn't a lot to say to each other, but most of it had been about Jacquelin, what she said and what she thought and where she went and who was with her.

Mrs. Watson touched his arm. "She wants you, John," she said.

Her bright smile was strained. Perhaps women weren't as different as he had imagined.

Mr. Watson tapped on the closed door of Jacquelin's room.

"Come in," she called.

The room was in indescribable confusion. The set of white-painted furniture that he and Lucille had given her for her sixteenth birthday was almost hidden by flowers

and suitcases and dresses and boxes. Hanging from the top of the door to keep the train from the floor, the wedding dress hung white and shrunken, glistening like a sword.

Before the mirror Jacquelin fitted on her earrings. Mr. Watson recalled a long-forgotten battle that had raged for two days when she was sixteen over whether she was old enough to wear grey. Well, she was old enough now. He leaned against the door and watched the clever fingers artfully managing the soft hair.

"Daddy," Jacquelin sounded a little breathless and the wide eyes reflected in the mirror avoided his. "It sounds awfully silly but I wanted to say I love you and thank you."

Mr. Watson's throat seemed unaccountably to swell. He nodded judiciously and watched the hat made of violets being tilted over one eyebrow.

"You'll love Joe," she said. "I know you will. And he'll love you. You have to because you're connected through me."

Moving away from the mirror, she slipped on the grey fur coat that had been her Christmas present, picked up gloves and purse and travelling case and looked around the room.

"That's all I need for now." She waved a hand at the heaped confusion all about her. "This stuff will have to be sent later."

She came to her father and leaned her head against his shoulder, crushing the valliant white carnation that he wore.

"People's lives change," she said. "They shift and get better and different. But you always have what you had, don't you? You and I had Binkie, hadn't we?"

There was just a suspicion of a tremble in her voice. Mr. Watson put his arm around her shoulder. Somewhere hidden behind this sleek young wife there was still his tear-stained little daughter to be reassured and comforted.

"And you and Joe will have a Binkie of your own," he said, his voice steady, his eyes serene.

He kissed the wide white forehead and opened the door. Across the hall another door opened. Smiling, Joe took her hand and in a shower of confetti they dashed down the stairs and out to the waiting car, while Mr. Watson's heart within him wailed, "I want my Binkie, I want him here."

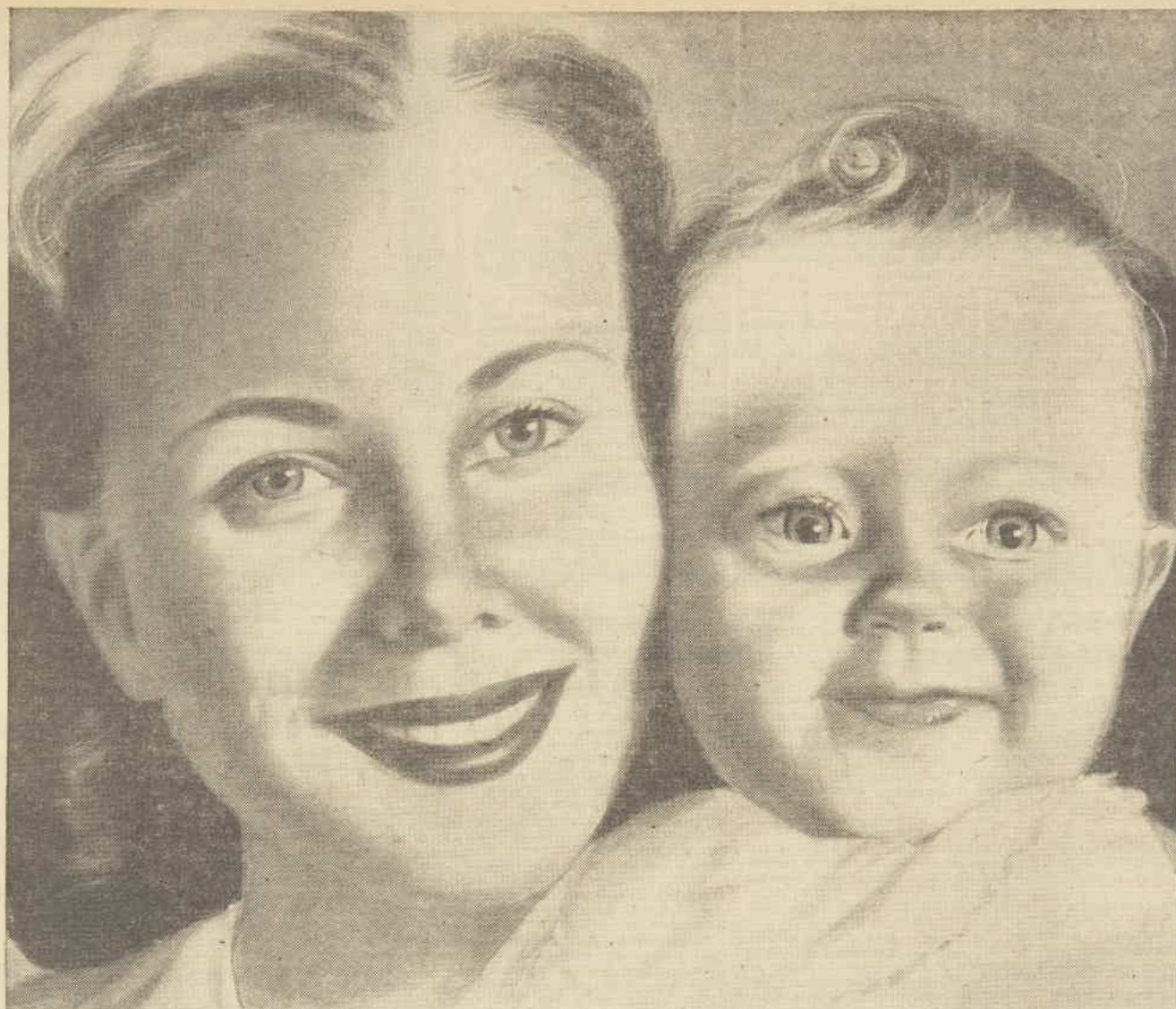
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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

By TIM





THANK YOU, DOCTOR

we've never felt better in our lives

The satisfaction of bringing mother and baby through this wonderful time with radiant health to them both is a pleasure experienced by every thoughtful physician.

Quite a lot of discomfort for the expectant mother is caused by the unusual pressure on internal organs and the interruption of regularity that is so essential to her ease and freedom from headaches and fatigue. Physicians have come to rely on Ford Pills as a safe and gentle laxative during this period because Ford Pills act gently in eight to twelve hours. They do not cause depression, or griping, nor do they upset baby or flavour the milk of nursing mothers.

Ford Pills have justified all the careful investigation and research that physicians, chemists and nurses together have given to the study

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Ford Pills contain no poisonous or dangerous drugs. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the natural laxative properties of fruit.

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I THINK that's very unfair," Laura said, answering back at last. Simon finished the last note, enjoying the fact that he was annoying Felix.

"That last note was flat," Felix said crossly. He disappeared under the black cloth. "Smile at him, Laura," came in muffled tones from the camera. "Get him to look pleasant for heaven's sake!" Simon bared his teeth at Felix.

"Not snarling. What are you doing to him?" Simon looked at Laura, who was smiling obediently, and told her in Arabic she had pretty teeth. Laura pretended not to notice, so he told her that her hair looked like the morning glory over an oasis. He thought it sounded most effective.

"I've tried to take this picture four times," Felix shouted, coming up for air. "Each time he either sings or talks. Can't you keep him quiet?" Felix glared at Laura, and Simon burst out into a positive crescendo of Arabic. He disliked Felix more and more.

"You might at least have brought a docile Arab," Felix stormed.

"I wish I hadn't brought you one at all," Laura shouted back, getting worked up herself. Simon liked women with plenty of spirit, and he told her so in Arabic.

"You're inciting him, you see," Felix clutched his head. "He keeps on talking to you. I don't know what it all means, but it's obviously directed at you."

"You told me to smile at him—what can you expect?" Laura said sensibly. Simon broke out into another song, and Laura tried to shout. "Shut up," but he drowned her.

Felix turned temperamental and broke the leg of a chair. Laura stamped her foot and Felix disappeared again under the black cloth, yelling. "Hold it! Hold it!" Simon found he needed to take a breath, and Felix tore the black cloth from the camera and threw it at Simon.

"He moved," he roared. "This is too much. Get rid of him now. Tell him to come back to-morrow." He brought a pound out of his pocket and thrust it at Simon.

"Felix please," Laura soothed. "You know this is going to be a marvellous picture. It'll mean everything if it's a success."

Simon was incensed. He restrained himself and shook his head at the money. He brought out a penny, spat on it, and put it away again. "Money, savvy?" Felix shouted, irritated.

Again Simon shook his head. "Well, if he doesn't want to be paid," Felix shrugged, putting the money into his pocket. "We'll go out and celebrate ourselves, Laura. It isn't every day a model turns down a pound." Laura turned to pick up the chair leg.

Simon grinned at Felix, and with great cunning and elegant gestures, pointing in Laura's direction,

he showed he wished to take Laura out to lunch, in payment, Laura missed this significant pantomime.

"He wants you!" Felix laughed harshly. "He's fallen for you, Laura, d'you hear? Well, you can give him the pleasure of trotting him along and putting him into a taxi. I'm tired of the whole morning." Felix opened a window and took in a deep breath.

"No, Felix. He might kidnap me. You take him," Laura said in a small voice.

"Don't be ridiculous." Felix was still breathing deeply.

Simon saw his chance. Laura had suggested it. He swooped down and picked her and the chair leg up before she knew what was happening.

"Felix, do something!" Laura shrieked.

"Hold it!" Felix shouted, hurrying back to the camera. "I say, this is a real sheik performance."

But Simon realised that you can't go on holding opportunity in your hands, especially when it's biting your shoulder. He ran out of the studio and down the stairs to the strains of "Felix, do something." She took another bite at his shoulder, but he had reached the street.

A taxi drew up, disgorging a model, and before a crowd could gather Simon had thrown Laura into the taxi, rather unceremoniously, and breathed an address at the driver. He dived into the seat beside Laura.

"If you don't put me out I'll call a policeman," Laura said, trying to look fierce in her corner. "Stop, driver!"

Simon opened the driver's window. "Don't take any notice, drive on."

Laura looked at him aghast.

"You speak English!"

"Yes," Simon removed his beard.

"You're not an Arab!"

"No," Simon smiled. "Do you mind?"

"I think it's outrageous of you to pretend all this time. You must have got a lot of fun out of this morning," Laura said icily.

"As a matter of fact I quite enjoyed it," he agreed. Laura was sitting up very straight now, her face flushed with fury.

"You're the man I saw yesterday, aren't you?"

Simon nodded.

"This is carrying things too far. Tell the driver to stop at once," Laura said haughtily.

"On the contrary," Simon said, "we haven't really started. In Arabia they usually begin like this."

"I'm not at all interested in what they do in Arabia."

"It's a very nice country," Simon said, gaining time. "You'd like it."

The taxi jerked to a stop behind a bus and Laura grabbed the chair leg and jumped out. Simon followed, throwing a couple of coins at the driver. He dodged through the buses, narrowly missed being run down by a furniture van, and caught up with Laura on the pavement.

What's on your mind?

Pupils can learn value of ambulance

CROWDS who cluster round accident victims show ignorance and lack of thought. A special Ambulance Day could be held at schools occasionally to teach children what ambulance officers have to do in accidents, and how curious crowds can hamper this work.

The lecture could be given by a trained ambulance officer, who would make the children ambulance conscious, just as police lecturers have made the youngsters road conscious.

Perhaps some children could pretend to be accident victims, surrounded by curious passers-by. Then they could see how the crowd must be cleared away before the patients receive thorough care.

This plan could be carried through without great trouble. It could follow up first-aid knowledge already gained by pupils. As it is, schoolchildren have to be taught lessons, and a lecture like this would help them to behave properly in case of an accident.

They would grow into adult citizens with the realisation that if they can't help they can keep moving out of the way of those who are trying to relieve pain.

Write to Mrs. Florence Warren, Peachaven, Lyell St., Mittagong, N.S.W.

Compliments

SINCE I wrote to you about the artistic merits of Australian stamps I have been overwhelmed at the response, but it is impossible for me, both from a time and financial viewpoint, to answer them all.

I would like to say "Thank you" to all the kindly letter writers. I will try to answer some, but, being a World War I disabled veteran, I find it taken up energy.

Write to Ernest Graves, 172 Ever-sholt St., Euston, London.

Pea-rifles

APPARENTLY adolescents and irresponsible have free access to pea-rifles. These are much less effective for killing rabbits than a shotgun, which a real sportsman will always carry.

A man carrying a shotgun will only take aim at a rabbit or other

ment. Passers-by stopped to stare at them.

He gripped Laura's elbow. "Please leave me alone," Laura twisted out of his grasp and he nearly tripped over his robes keeping up with her. They swept along the pavement and Simon wondered how long the pace could be maintained. They came to a crossing and Laura darted across, missing a taxi by a hairbreadth. He caught up a moment later.

"If you had to do this," Laura attacked, "I think you might at least have kept still while Felix took the picture."

"I don't like him much," Simon said.

"He's very clever," Laura defended. "This picture meant a lot to him. If he gets the account he could get married."

"I see," Simon felt humbled. "Well, I'll go back this afternoon and I promise to keep still, if you'll have lunch with me."

"I suppose you think you're very clever and you've got me tied up," Laura said defensively.

"No," Simon smiled, "that takes time, but I'm a good gambler and in diplomatic circles we always begin negotiations with lunch. We'll go in here." He took Laura's elbow very firmly.

"You can't possibly have lunch like that!" Laura stalled, but he elbowed

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of p. 22. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for 500 letters used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

game, and anyone beyond the immediate range of the gun is safe. A pea-rifle, however, has a tremendous range, and most users go round aiming at stray tins and bottles, regardless of what may be in a direct firing-line.

I think that in the case of public safety permits should only be issued for pea-rifles after the owner has been found responsible enough to own one. Write to Albert J. O'Kane, 122 Riversdale Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

Write to Mrs. Florence Warren, Peachaven, Lyell St., Mittagong, N.S.W.

Wheelbarrow handles

I SUGGEST that handles on wheelbarrows should be adjustable.

My reason is this. I saw two men cementing a path, and using the wheelbarrow a great deal. One was a rather stumpy man, and the other very tall.

When the tall man wheeled any-



thing in the barrow he could not help tipping all its contents out, and when the stumpy man tried he scraped the barrow along on its legs.

Write to Master Bernard Tatham, 53 St. Leonards St., Coorparoo, Qld.

Thin green line

INSTEAD of lines being painted on the street to show pedestrians where to cross, why not use colored concrete? A line the required width could be dug out of the concrete or bitumen road and filled with this permanent color. It would never wear off.

Better still, the colored lines could be placed in position when new roads are being made.

Write to B. Tangall, P.O. Box 117, Manildra, via Innisfail, Qld.

her forward with great precision, and in the face of a large commissionaire who made way for them Laura was forced to give in.

"We'll get a very good table and excellent service with me like this," he whispered, his face touching her hair. "You watch." They were in the centre of the foyer by now.

"I haven't got a bag or anything," Laura said, crossly dangling the chair leg; guests swept past them with a look of grave concern for the future of the Empire.

"Here you are," Simon pressed sixpence into her hand, feeling he had won the first round gallantly. Laura disappeared and he took up his stand within sight of the door. He wasn't going to let her escape. When she reappeared without the chair leg she obviously had escape in her mind. He put his arm out and caught her as she made for the door.

"You're having lunch with me—remember? No lunch—no photograph."

"Well," she smiled, warming the foyer with sunshine. A too sudden tactic. Simon looked at her with suspicion. "I suppose I can do this for Felix as well as grubbing for worms."

"You must love him very much," Simon said heavily.

"I admire him very much," Laura said evenly, her head held high.

Hello, there!

AN outdated and inefficient method of answering the telephone is the one in which the person picks up the receiver and mutters "Hello" into the mouthpiece. If some people object to disclosing their names on the telephone the "Helloing" is allowable, and "Are you there?" falls into the same class.

But with the majority the practice is nothing but a bad habit.

Also, I believe it is worth while to educate children in the use of the telephone. Too many forget to say "Please" or "Thank you," or to use a friendly voice.

Write to Arnold Besag, 15 Nott St., E. Malvern, Vic.

Gold diggers

IT IS 55 years since I first went to the Western Australian goldfields. At present there are many young men out of work. If there could be a bigger prospecting scheme, with better pay and equipment provided, perhaps these men could find employment on the goldfields.

The lure of gold has a power over man, and the eagerness to find it is more than I can explain. The West is rich, and there is more gold to be discovered.

There is a future on the goldfields for migrants and for young Australians.

Write to Mrs. C. Paton, 43 Northwood St., Leederville, W.A.

Trading hours

AS new trading hours are being formed for retail stores, consideration should be given to both shop assistants and shoppers.

Both unions and shop-owners are pulling in opposite directions, without thought of the shop assistants or the general public from whom they derive their living.

The store-owners advocate the following hours: Monday to Friday, 9.5 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., and on Saturday 9.5 a.m. to 12 noon. The union demands are 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday to Friday, giving the shop assistant Saturday off, but forgetting the public.

Hours which would assist storekeepers, employees, and the public are: 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Monday to Thursday, and 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Friday, shops closed on Saturday.

Friday night shopping would bring back the bright and happy night out for the public, who could shop at leisure, would be a boon to the suburban storekeeper, and would decentralise business.

I speak with the experience of 26 years as a men's wear salesman.

Write to R. H. Johnson, 31B George St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Simon tripped over his robes and Laura steadied him without thinking, but taking her hand away hurriedly. The implication in those words was obvious. Simon wanted to shout, to sing. Admire in his vocabulary was never any substitute for love.

He bowed at the head waiter and they were ushered with ceremony to a corner table massed with flowers.

"You see!" Simon grinned at her, but Laura was indifferent to her success. "I'm going to speak to you in Arabic now and again just to keep in character," he explained as she looked with dignity about her.

"We might be offered chicken then. Here's the waiter coming—I'm going to start now... darling, don't be cross. I think I'm going to fall in love with you. Do you mind?" The waiter veered to another table.

"It's very rude saying things that people can't understand," Laura began sharply, but catching his expression she looked quickly away and went on a little breathlessly. "I don't know what Felix will say when he knows you're a fake."

Her hand sought a spoon to play with. Simon reached out quickly and stilled her hand with his. He couldn't bear women who played with spoons.

"I know what he'll say," he smiled as she looked at him, startled. "He'll say, 'Hold it!'"

(Copyright)



The Australian Women's Weekly—August 2, 1947

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

For Our Spring Fashions

★ These beautiful clothes designed by leading members of the haute couture of Paris will be worn at The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades starting in Sydney on August 4 at Prince's with a gala ball and being held at Mark Foy's from August 5 to August 16. Clothes are modelled in these pictures by Australian mannequins Judy Barraclough and Diana Gregory, who will appear with the four French mannequins.

SIDE-DRAPE lined with black and falling to the hemline is a feature of Pierre Balmain's black-and-white figured crepe afternoon frock worn by Judy. He also re-introduces the bolero

DECORATION on this superb Carven white chiffon evening gown, worn by Judy, is two black birds in full flight, exquisitely made with thousands of minute black sequins. Gown is made with full skirt falling in graceful lines. Pictures by Staff Photographer JACK HICKSON

STRIPED COTTON in navy-and-white to match the billowing net skirt has been used by Paquin to fashion the bodice and huge bows on hip and hemline of this lavish gown. It is worn by Diana, is specially suitable for the very young.



Union Parades

THIS MODEL designed by Jacques Fath and worn by Judy is made of fine natural straw, with black veiling and luscious pink roses used as trimming.



KERCHIEF-BUSTLE falling from waistline is an original note in this yellow-and-white spotted silk frock, designed with a peg-top skirt by Christian Dior and worn by Judy.

TEAMED together, this cyclamen crepe gown with newest draped lines and delphinium-blue linen cape with steel beading on the yoke make a superb ensemble. Both are by Worth. Worn by Diana.

THIS VERSION of the uneven hem is by Le-long. Frock fashioned in ink-blue taffeta, with its bodice cut well away from the neck. Huge silk roses form lovely shoulder spray. Diana wears it.

ALLIANCE of fine wool jersey with floral silk is interesting note in this simple day frock by Gres, worn by Diana. The skirt is finely pleated. Skirt and coatee are banana-colored.

You'll say it's Ace-high

when you find out
what tests have proved



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YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND NEW BRIGHTNESS in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



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Sweet but sticky... he

needs a
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The purity of Pears Soap need not be taken on trust. You can actually look right into the heart of a tablet. Its father is mild and gentle—perfect for delicate baby skin. And the faint mellowed fragrance comes simply from the fine ingredients, long matured.

P.S. 21.37

Page 24

A Love Like That

Continued from page 5

CAPTAIN Marston came out on the bridge at three o'clock in the morning. The watch officer came quickly to his side.

"What is it, sir?"

"Nothing," said Marston. "Heavy sea running. Thought I'd look at it."

That didn't make sense to the watch officer. There was a heavy sea running, but nothing so alarming as to bring the Old Man to the bridge.

Marston did not go into details, however. He locked his hands behind his back and stared out over the bridge rail, his blunt chin jutted truculently.

Too old to hold his bridge! What did that girl know about it? He growled in his chest. Old Man Marston was a bit uneasy. There was no telling what the independent young woman who headed the line might do now. Marston was touchy about his sea record and his fitness.

The phone board buzzed—a call from the radio room. The watch officer took the message, jotted it down, and whirled to face the master.

"CQ, sir. The Dorinda, West Indies bound—"

Old Man Marston's bushy white brows met in a straight line. His nostrils quivered like those of an old fire horse as a third alarm sounded.

CQ! The stand-by signal from ships in trouble. Stand by! Marston knew the big liner Dorinda. She was on her way to the West Indies with 350 passengers aboard. What was the matter with her?

The CQ was suddenly followed by the SOS—a message that flashed across that rolling ocean, sparked in the radio room of the Orinoco. It was picked up by marine wireless stations along the Atlantic Coast—crackled into newspaper offices.

SOS! The Dorinda was in serious trouble. A large intake pipe had broken off at the flange. She was helpless in the grip of a high sea.

"Why, half the Atlantic Ocean must be pouring in," roared Captain Marston. "Let's shove!"

The Orinoco started ploughing through that rolling sea, heading for trouble with maximum speed, engines pounding, the ship pitching as she swerved off her course and fought through the welter of combers.

Newspaper offices ripped off an edition as soon as the full details of the SOS came through. Three hundred and fifty passengers and three hundred crew on a foundering liner—wires hummed, telephones rang, typewriters clattered. The Dorinda was reported so badly listed she couldn't launch any of her lifeboats.

Another report was relayed in from the sea. The Orinoco had wirelessed that she was on the way.

The Orinoco?

There was a general dive for registers. The Orinoco? Pages thumped rapidly over—the Orinoco, the Orinoco—?

Ah—the Orinoco, Blair Lines, ten thousand tons... there was something for headlines!

Straining engines nearly shook the Orinoco apart in that race against time, but the Blairs hadn't built ships of tin and meringue. The Orinoco was as sturdy and seagoing as Old Man Marston himself. She headed for the big stricken liner, barging along through heavy confused seas, pounding, thumping, pitching along, ploughing for trouble.

Valentine, bareheaded and with the collar of her coat turned up about her throat, stood at the rail of the flying bridge. The wind stung a glow into her cheeks, whipped her hair into a curling rumpled mass. She could see the Dorinda lying badly listed, off the port bow. She was a long, grey, streamlined ship and she lay there settling heavily in that rough grey sea.

The girl looked over the rail at old Marston below on the navigating bridge. He was standing motionless, his hands locked behind his back, unshaven jaw jutting like a chunk of granite.

"Tough job for him, Val," commented Bard tersely, eyeing the Dorinda. "He can't fool around. There isn't time."

Old Man Marston had no idea of fooling around. The Dorinda had flashed word that she was filling rapidly and must be abandoned as

soon as possible. Marston called Macey, the chief officer.

"Mr. Macey, that fellow has to abandon ship. I'm going to take us in as close as I can. We'll try to swing the job with our boats."

Macey looked doubtful.

"Maybe we'd do better getting a line aboard, sir."

"We can't waste time playing around like a tug-boat," thundered the Old Man. "We must get those people off. You will take a boat off, Mr. Macey. We'll see how that works."

The Dorinda looked like a wounded animal. She lay disabled, part of a grey picture, ships and waves and sky. Marston put through a message to the radio room.

"Tell that fellow we'll launch boats and to hold tight—we're coming in!"

And Captain Marston went into action. With all the stamanship of a life spent on the sea, all the bulldog courage of a man who'd rounded the Horn for the Blairs—closer, closer, closer he brought his ship. Engine room working in perfect co-ordination with his decisive orders from the navigating bridge, crew standing tensely by at stations, the quartermaster jockeying the small wheel which controlled the thirty-ton rudder.

The crowd on the Dorinda watched in anxious, nerve-racked silence. The Blair ship was practically on top of them!... and yet closer, closer, closer, she came. The thought of collision ran through frantic minds. White-faced men on the bridge stared stunned.

There was either a crazy man commanding the Orinoco or a man with nerves like icicles. If he slipped up, there would be a double tragedy on the high seas.

"Hold tight!... we're coming in!" Marston called.

The sea roared a heaving challenge at him as the astounded Dorinda saw him manoeuvre his ship within ninety feet of her.

He ordered oil to be pumped overboard to "slick" that angry water between the ships. Then he put a megaphone to his lips and bellowed the word to Macey, standing by at Number One Lifeboat.

MEN scrambled into the boat. The chief officer started to get in, then stopped and turned to the crew lining the boat deck.

"Another man needed!" he shouted. "Who—?"

The word was nearly blown back down his throat by the rush of a young man who shot across the deck and jumped into the lifeboat as if propelled from a cannon.

Jonathan Blair had put in a lot of time scraping and scrubbing and polishing. He'd watched stevedores when the ship was in port, stood guard over cargoes and gangways, had his head crammed with information about sounding pipes, ballast tanks, construction of holds.

He'd been ordered fore and aft, slept in top bunks, worked like the devil while a girl he disliked intensely walked the decks of his ship.

Now Jonathan Blair craved action. He hopped into the bow of that lifeboat with enthusiasm and vigor. Grab an oar and shove!... that was the idea!

He did the moment they hit the water. He pulled away lustily, enjoying himself for the first time in the voyage.

Macey steered them through the long oily swells and everyone in the Orinoco watched him tensely. This was a ticklish job.

More than ticklish! It was very nearly disastrous to Boat Number One. It came in on the Dorinda a little too fast, was lifted up on a powerful roller, hung there a moment while Macey roared orders to backwater or they'd be telescoped.

For several desperate whirlwind seconds they strained furiously to stand away.

Jonathan was hit in the chest by the kick-back of his oar. He very nearly went over backwards, but just managed to recover. He stood up and jammed his oar against the great grey steel side overhanging him, braced himself, and leaned against the oar with all his strength.

Macey yelled at him, but Jonathan wasn't even listening. Every last ounce of power in his athletic frame

he put behind that oar in the split-second battle to get the boat away. Something had to break in two. Either Jonathan or the oar.

The oar was elected. It snapped off short and Jonathan was hurled completely out of the boat on the recoil. But by the grace of a kind heaven he hadn't broken his back. He'd had a very fine chance of doing that...

As Valentine saw the tall young seaman slammed violently overboard, she grasped Bard's arm tightly and stared at the rolling grey water where he had disappeared. And when Macey's boat stood safely away Valentine regarded that young man as responsible for the feat.

Meanwhile, Jonathan came to the surface, after a very uncomfortably prolonged time, trying to get some breath. The lifeboat crew pulled for him and stuck him an oar. He grabbed hold of that and was dragged over the gunwale.

Valentine felt a racing thrill as she saw him hauled to safety. She might have known that fellow would be all right. The men of the Blair Lines—

She noticed him a little later when the boat came back with the first load of Dorinda passengers. He was carrying a child in his arms. Dark haired and tall and very wet—that seaman.

Other lifeboats were being lowered as Captain Marston saw that it was possible to take off the Dorinda people that way.

The crew of the Orinoco worked like a battalion of crack troops, disciplined, steady, efficient. And Captain Marston, grim and rugged, held the ship ninety feet from a foundering liner, and watched keenly with narrowed blue eyes.

Passengers were coming aboard, some of them hysterical. Members of the crew helped them up the gangway lowered down the side of the ship.

Valentine went down to the embarkation deck, itching to do something. Bard had already gone down to aid some of the crew in getting the rescued out of the boats and up the gangway. He came up with an elderly woman leaning heavily on him. Her eyes were half-shut and her face a deadly waxen hue.

"Heart attack, I think, Val," he said tensely.

Valentine took charge. She put her arms around the woman and half carried her into the nearest cabin, helped her on to a bed, and worked swiftly over her. The old lady gradually recovered. Finally she opened her eyes and smiled at Valentine.

"Thank you, my dear," she murmured. "My son is on that ship. He'll be worried. When he comes aboard please send him here. His name is Arsdale."

"We'll send him to you as soon as we locate him," Valentine promised. "Don't you worry a bit."

"You are a very nice young woman," decided the old lady. "I want you to be sure to meet my son."

Valentine smiled and assured her she would love nothing better. Then she went back to the deck and plunged into the task of helping to keep that deck clear, getting dazed and frightened women to cabins and lounge.

She corralled the two stewardesses of the Orinoco and located the storeroom. They looted it of spare blankets and returned, arms laden, to women in the lounge shivering with nervous chill and exposure.

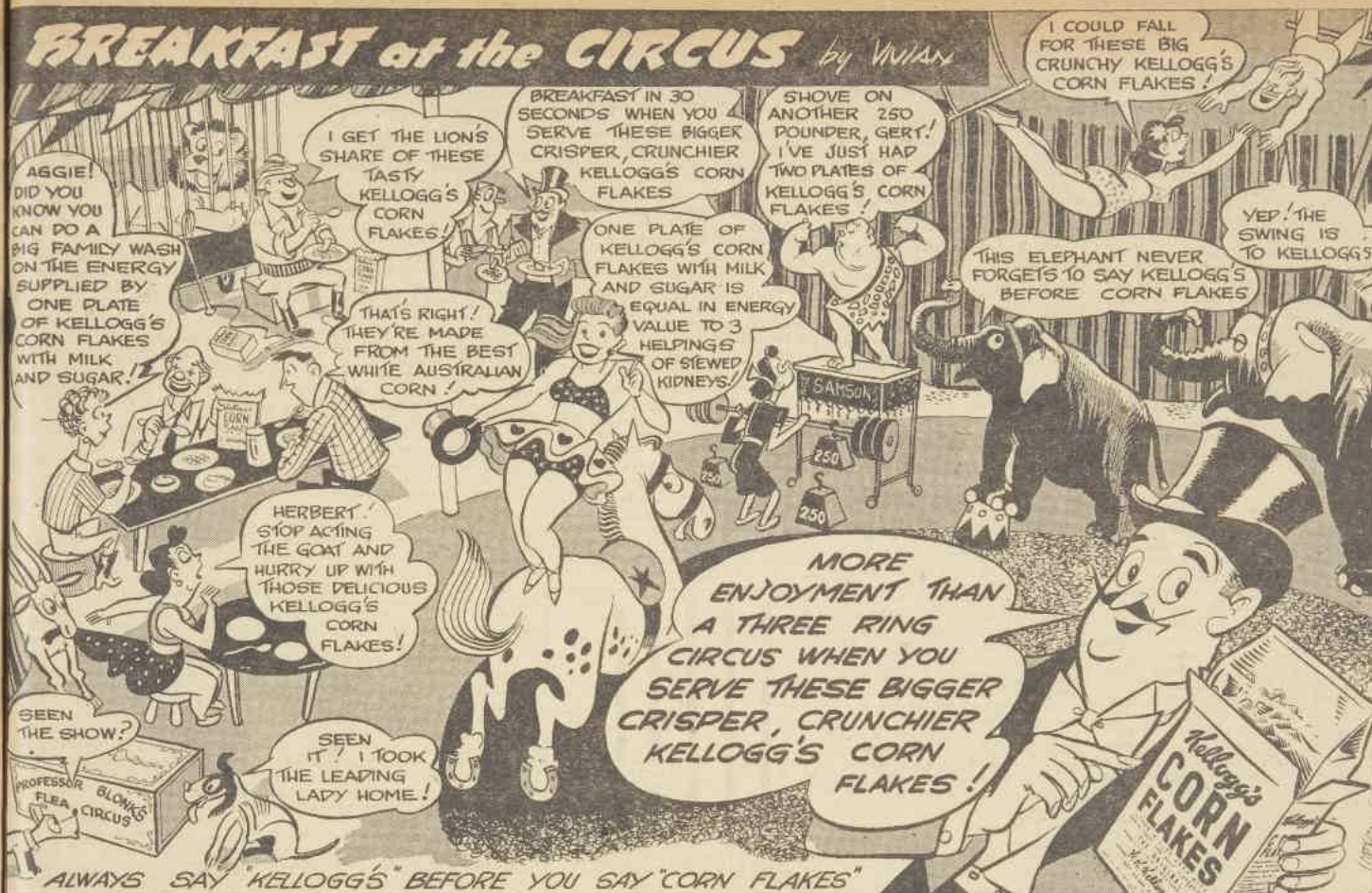
In that battle where the world pitched under foot a quick feminine touch did wonders for those women taken off the Dorinda. Rolling sea, and separation, and barked orders, and the horror of abandoning ship seemed to fade to some extent as a girl with wind-swept hair strode among them, face set like marble, but voice crisp and cool.

She kept her stewardesses busy, bringing hot coffee and blankets, guiding the rescued away from the decks. And Old Man Marston looked down from his bridge, found the decks being kept clear, and saw that was very good.

Please turn to page 26

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 2, 1947

BREAKFAST at the CIRCUS by VIVIAN



P.S.—If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.

Get back to "REGULARITY" this gentle, NATURAL way



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Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain
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Start to-morrow morning. Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.

"Lift your mask of
IRREGULARITY!"

**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN**★

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True-to-life Story

of Mrs. A. Chalmers,
Hurstville, N.S.W.



"... most natural way."



1. "I want to let you know how grateful I am for Kellogg's All-Bran."



3. "Then last July I read one of your All-Bran advertisements. I bought a packet and started eating All-Bran every morning as a breakfast food."



2. "I suffered from constipation for years."



4. "There's no doubt about it, Kellogg's All-Bran is the most natural way of ending constipation."
(Mrs.) A. Chalmers."

MARSTON got

another message from the Dorinda. Might sink any time. She was full of water. Get ready to stand away! Marston merely had more oil pumped overboard and bawled an order to Haley, the officer nearest to him at the moment, to "shake a leg."

Men were jumping from the Dorinda now. Some of them were picked up in the water, others managed to swim near enough to the Orinoco to get a rope.

The Dorinda had settled still further down. Her lower decks were almost awash. She listed badly, her useless lifeboats jammed on their davits. All her passengers were off and most of the crew. The last few boatloads were coming over. One of her officers came aboard the Orinoco and reported to Marston.

"Captain Rogers won't leave, sir," Marston swore. He grabbed his megaphone and shouted at Haley, whose boat was alongside: "Mr. Haley! Tell those men on the Dorinda to get Captain Rogers off if they have to drag him off. Go up there and do it yourself, if you have to."

Shortly afterwards he saw the master dragged bodily from his bridge. He came aboard the Orinoco, a wild-eyed, haggard man, and was brought up to Marston's quarters, where he collapsed.

Marston called the radio officer. "Send out word that we have taken off all souls," he instructed wearily. He looked at the Dorinda. She lay at the mercy of the waves, settling steadily. Tough old Marston felt a lump in his throat. Beautiful ships were never built to wallow deserted and stricken in a grey, vengeful ocean. He hated to leave her! She was a ship, and she exerted that tug on his nature that all ships did. Derelict?

Marston saluted her with a long blast of the whistle. Derelict nothing! She was somebody who'd run into tough luck.

Valentine came up on the bridge and Marston looked at her coldly. So he'd been too old to be entrusted with responsibilities, had he? He smirked at her like a small boy. She smiled. "Bravo, Captain—you're rather wonderful, do you know that?"

"Old!" rumbled Marston. "Aye, scarcely able to walk—"

Valentine's lips suddenly trembled. Her eyes were strangely bright. With all the naturalness in the world she put her arms round his neck and her face in the rough shoulder of his overcoat. Old Man Marston cleared his throat and looked amazed.

"I can't h-h-help it," she said in a muffled tone. "They wanted to declare bankruptcy, take you off the sea. They wanted to put your ship on the shelf, Captain. Th-th-they had a nerve!"

Marston hesitated, then patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. Her bright coppery hair was soft against his cheek, and her whole little young body seemed to shake.

"You're tired out, ma'am," he said. "I am," said Valentine. "I'm just as proud of you and your men—oh, Captain—"

"Easy, ma'am," said Captain Marston, patting the chairman of the board paternally. "You're—harumph—not so bad yourself. Guess the Blairs wouldn't mind sailin' for you a while longer."

She raised her head and looked at him with very lovely wet-lashed eyes.

"You're not going to leave us—"

Old Marston looked uncomfortable.

"I'm not ready yet," he growled.

A Love Like That

Continued from page 24

"But I still won't put on any monkey suit—"

He stalked hurriedly away toward his quarters. When a girl looked at him with eyes like that, Marston reflected, there was nothing in the book of regulations to tell him what to do.

Chief Officer Macey came up from below deck—tired and wet. He touched a finger to his cap as he saw Valentine.

"Plenty doing, Miss Ransome?" he grinned. "Thought I was going to have to be pulled in out of the wet myself at the very start. Nearly piled up the first trip."

That reminded Valentine. That tall young seaman who had been slammed overboard—to her he was the symbol of that fighting, courageous crew. She asked Macey if he knew him.

"One of the sailors," he said. "I don't remember just who he was. All I remember is that I was surprised when he came up in one piece."

"I'd like to see him," said Valentine.

Macey was going below as soon as he changed his clothes. He said he'd send him up.

The men in the fo'c'sle were as wet and weary as Macey. Jonathan Blair was trying to get out of his drenched clothes, impeded by a crushed finger he'd received during the stress of the activities. The finger throbbed, and he had to hold it up in the air. But he looked supremely happy.

Mr. Macey stopped by the fo'c'sle for a moment.

"Who snapped that oar in my boat the first trip out?" he demanded. "Whoever it was, Miss Ransome wants to see him." His eyes fell on Jonathan. "Wasn't that you, Bliss?"

"Me?" said Jonathan uncertainly.

"Uh—I guess so—"

Macey nodded. "Well, turn to, the lady's waiting."

He withdrew. Jonathan's sense of well-being evaporated. He frowned. So the lady was waiting, was she? Well, the lady could wait until kingdom come for all he was concerned.

"Hey, Bliss," snapped Ludlow. "Miss Ransome's waitin' for you. That means now. Orders from the boss. Shake a leg."

"I," said one Albert Wimple, A.B., dreamily, "wouldn't mind taking orders from that dame."

Jonathan started to say heatedly that Miss Ransome wasn't giving him any orders and no mistake about it, but checked himself. Abigail Bliss couldn't say things like that.

This was a fine kettle of fish. He'd rather be shot than have any part or parcel of that cowgirl, fair weather or foul. Orders from her! He boiled even to think of it.

He surreptitiously drew Wimple to one side.

"Listen," he said covertly, "how about taking my place?"

"Not me," said Wimple. "She wants you, Bliss."

"She doesn't know who she wants. Listen, Wimple, I'll give you ten bucks to take my place."

Wimple stared. "Ten bucks?" he repeated uncertainly.

"It's worth it to me," said Jonathan fervently. "Go on up, Wimple, and," his voice was satiric, "salute the Little Colonel of the Regiment."

Ten dollars was ten dollars. Wimple went up without further discussion. He found Valentine on the bridge—about the only place on the ship where there was a breathing space.

"You want to see me, ma'am?" he said.

Valentine couldn't imagine why Mr. Wimple was a barrel-chested individual with a face that could have been loved by only a determined mother. His eyes were a pale watery blue and as the symbol of a grand crew of fighting seafaring men he had all the romance of the average kitchen-sink.

"To see you?" she echoed.

"The bloke that did a trick with Mr. Macey's boat," explained Mr. Wimple, wondering if this was all a beautiful dream.

"Oh!" said Valentine. "You—you're the young man who—"

She paused. She could have sworn that crazy young man in Lifeboat Number One was tall and dark-haired and much leaner than the husky Mr. Wimple. Mr. Wimple wasn't so terribly young and his hair was mustard colored.

"Sure, ma'am," said Wimple. "I seen us about to crack into that boat, so I gets up with my oar and shoves her off. If I hadn't done that," he explained, "we probably



would have all been cracked up proper." Mr. Wimple was neither tall, dark, lean, nor modest. It was rather difficult to tell him what she thought of the way he had acted, but she tried.

"You did some grand work today," she managed. "And I want you and the rest of the men to know what a thrill it was."

"That wasn't nothing," interrupted Mr. Wimple, who believed in giving ten dollars' worth. "You should have been around when the Sandrac pulled a bunch of Greeks off the rocks at Porto Durance. I swam through the surf to fix a line on shore so we could haul 'em out to the boat. The surf was that bad no boat could get in past the reefs."

"Yeah," concluded Mr. Wimple. "I'm ready to do my dooty any time, ma'am."

"Thank you," said Valentine faintly. "I know you are."

The Orinoco headed for Bermuda, the nearest port, to relieve the congestion aboard. The Dorinda's line had wireless that it was diverting one of its ships to Bermuda to pick up the rescued passengers and crew. The ship itself had been found still afloat and was being towed in.

All vacant cabins aboard the Orinoco were filled and made scarcely a dent in the crowd. Valentine yielded hers to old Mrs. Arsdale, who had recovered from her heart attack. Her

son, a wistful, little, middle-aged man, was nearly in tears. He talked about Captain Marston and the Orinoco as if they were something hallowed.

People slept in deck chairs, on divans, tables, on the deck of lounge, writing room, dining saloon, and outside on the promenade and boat decks. The Dorinda's crew thronged the hatches and crew decks, even went down into empty cargo holds, the hatches opened for air and light.

Marston's crew stood by all night in the aftermath of the wrenching rigors of the day. Thirty-six hours' duty for the men of the Blair Lines. Thirty-six hours' duty for Jonathan Corinthus Blair, who had never done so much work in his life before—and he liked it.

Valentine spent the night on the flying bridge. She wrapped herself in a heavy coat and sat against a ventilator. Bard Calhoun gave up his cabin and did the same thing. They smoked cigarettes and listened to the pound of the engines and watched a great red splotch grow into the sun over an abashed ocean.

They sailed through Grassy Bay early the next afternoon, negotiated Two Rock Channel, and tied up at the dock in Hamilton that had been put at the Orinoco's disposal.

Most of Bermuda was down at the dock to see her come in. She received a royal salute. Valentine was invited to Government House for dinner and a reception in her honor.

But that wasn't surprising. Millions of people were hearing about the Blair Lines for the first time in their lives.

Jonathan was given shore liberty shortly before evening mess. He was due back on board at midnight and the ship was to sail for New York at dawn. He did not know when he had ever valued an evening so much. Jonathan Blair had learned what a vacation really meant.

Upon deep consideration he decided the best investment for that precious evening was a good hot bath in an honest-to-goodness tub, an appetizing dinner, and some congenial company.

Accordingly, he dressed in the same clothes he had worn aboard, hired a carriage, and rolled luxuriously along over hard white coral roads through wistaria and jasmine-scented early evening to Ben and Winky Meade's place in Paget.

He hoped they would be in Bermuda now. They came down from the States at various irregular times of the year.

They had a lovely pink limestone villa overlooking the water. A groom was at the end of the drive unhitching two beautiful grey harness ponies from a phaeton, and Winky's white collie was frisking around on the lawn, so he hailed these evidences of their presence at this particular time with great relief.

Ben and Winky were enthusiastic about seeing him. Winky, little, blue-eyed, dark-haired, and usually in a state of perpetual motion and excitement, had always claimed that if she hadn't met Ben first she'd have married Jonathan whether he liked it or not.

He was non-committal about his arrival in Bermuda, and they took it for granted that he had come down by ship the day before.

Ben's butler brought in drinks, and Winky began to plan a party. All of this made it somewhat difficult to ask to take a bath, but he did just the same.

They looked at him as though they hadn't heard aright.

"Did you say tub?" demanded Ben. "What do you want with it?"

"To take a bath in it," said Jonathan. "What the heck do you suppose?"

Ben scratched his head. Winky stared and stood still a moment for once. Both of them stared at Jonathan in very obvious amazement.

"Why—why, of course," Ben said uncertainly. "Anything you want, but I don't get the idea. Here you come bounding in and the first thing you want to do is take a bath. That's a new one. Sure, Corry, go ahead, by all means—"

"Thanks," said Jonathan hurriedly, and escaped to the bathroom without further ado.

He was luxuriating in the tub and feeling more like Corry Blair and less like Abigail Bliss every moment when Winky knocked at the door.

"You're going to the Government House reception to-night, aren't you, Corry?" she called.

"The what?" said Jonathan. "Reception for Valentine Ransome who came in to-day on that famous ship of yours. Don't tell me you haven't been invited? The president of the line!"

"I'm only a director of the line now," he told her. "And I haven't been invited anywhere."

"That," said Winky, "is just because they don't know you're around. I'll phone Government House right away. Am I thrilled?" "Say for heaven's sake!" yelled Jonathan, sitting up straight in the tub. "Don't do that! Hey, Winky, quit it!"

There was no reply. Winky, like the hummingbird she was, had flashed off. Jonathan felt a cold chill chase up his spine. He tried to get up, stepped on the soap in his agitation and submerged with a splash that nearly inundated the bathroom. He hurriedly got out of the tub, wrapped a towel round him and dashed out into the hall.

"Winky!" he bawled. Where the heck was the phone? He had to head her off. He leaped downstairs and galloped into the living-room to the inexpressible amazement of Ben Meade.

"For Pete's sake," he said dazedly. "Is there a fire or something?"

"Winky!" Jonathan almost stuttered. "Where is she? She's phoning Government House—"

"Take it easy," soothed Ben. "Winky does that all the time—phones people, and things. I don't mind her calling places like Government House. It's when she thinks of something to tell somebody in London or Sydney, that I object—"

Jonathan went off on a big game hunt after the phone. He located it behind a screen in the hall. Winky wasn't there. Much relieved, he trekked back to the living-room and accepted a drink in shaking hands. For a moment this precious evening had been in danger of being ruined beyond redemption.

But his relief was only short-lived. Winky had been phoning from an extension upstairs. She returned to the living-room, swept her hands delicately across her face as she caught sight of a very close approach to a caveman, and then recovered on the tide of enthusiasm.

"Just as I thought," she announced. "They didn't know you were here. I've been talking to Lord Dacre, the Governor's aide. They'll be delighted to have Mr. Blair. We've been invited to the reception along with Corry, Ben. Isn't that fine?"

Jonathan clutched his towel and rocked on his heels.

"I haven't any clothes, Winky!"

"I can see that," said Winky. "I mean dress clothes," he said feverishly. "Winky, you've put me in a fine kettle of soup."

"Fish," she corrected. She looked at him critically. "This is certainly," she commented, "a very strange trip of yours to Bermuda, my darling. How come you forgot evening clothes? Well, no matter. You can wear Ben's. Ben, you'll have to get by with a mess jacket. We're getting in on Corry's invite."

Jonathan resigned himself. He couldn't duck out now. Be a terrible breach of manners. But what a way to spend the evening. Attending a reception for that piratical Ransome bronc rider and leaping like a mountain goat from Government House to the fo'c'sle of the Orinoco by midnight.

If anybody saw any fun in that evening a young man with a towel around his middle and an embattled expression would like to be informed.

To be continued



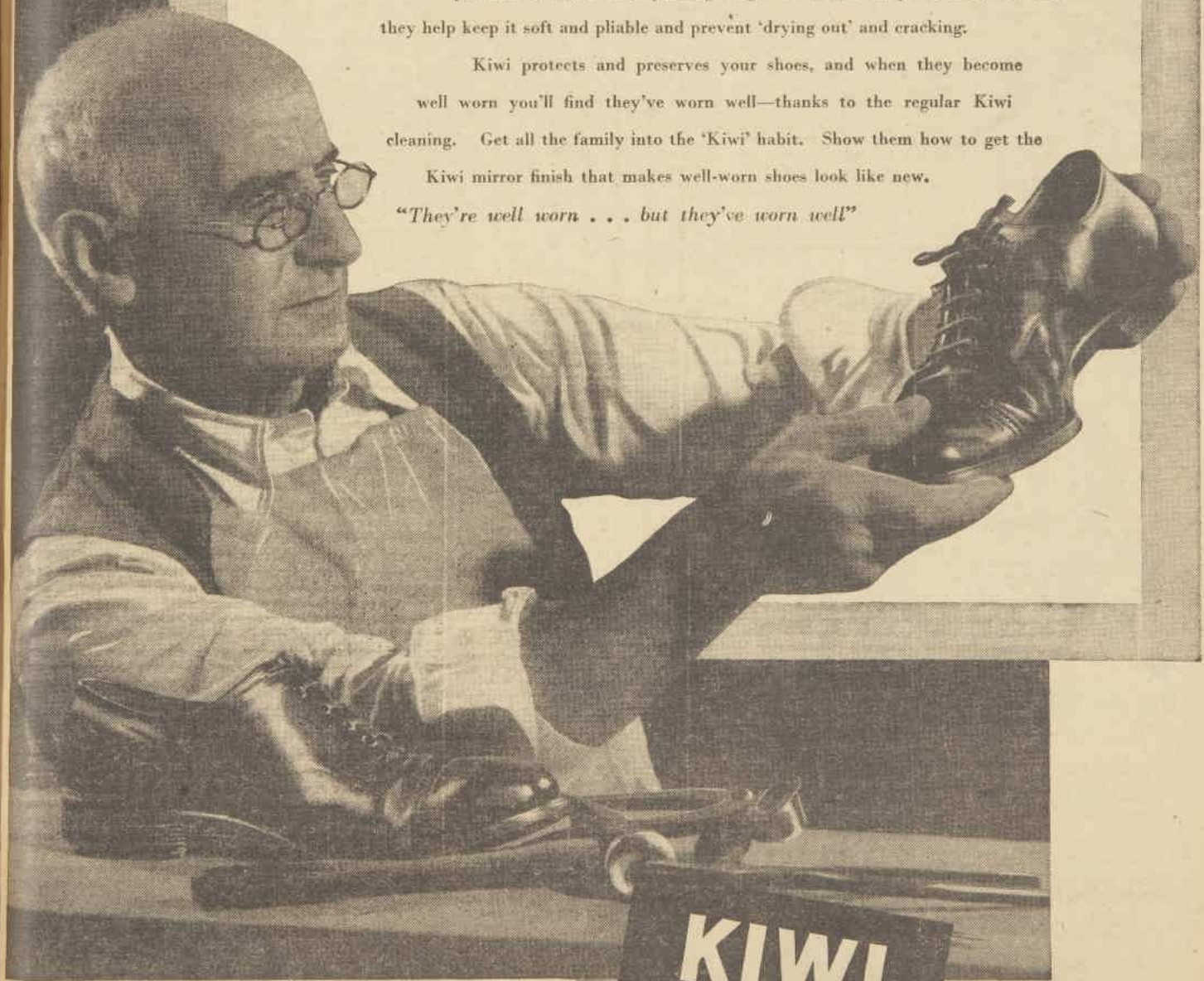
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MRS. CART-

WRIGHT paused for a moment. "I don't think so. That was just another gesture. He wanted to win my approval—to add it to his collection—like a trophy."

"Only your approval?"

"Yes. I humored him, and when he thought he had succeeded he sought other trophies."

"You say he was generous. Did he owe money?"

"On the contrary, people owed it to him. There were those who were quite willing to avail themselves of his—false generosity."

"Anyone here?"

"Well—my uncle borrowed quite a lot from him and did not pay it back."

"Your uncle is Mr. Barker?"

"Yes."

"He is here?"

"Yes. No one has left since the tragedy. Uncle is upstairs and Gloria is in her room."

"Gloria Young?"

"Yes. She was staying with me for a while."

"Was it a coincidence that she should be staying at the same time as your brother-in-law?"

Mrs. Cartwright shrugged her slim shoulders. "She was fond of him."

"And he—?"

"As I said before, everyone thought they knew him, but I don't think they did. He wasn't as obvious as he seemed."

"Who else is in the house?"

"Maria Walker, my maid."

"It was she who opened the door to me?"

"Yes. Poor Maria. She has never had a good home. Her parents dead, and she going a little wild. I was always fond of her, so I brought her here because I wanted someone to help me with John."

"You are not disappointed?"

"No. I flatter myself that I saved Maria; so we have both benefited."

The Frightened Witness

Continued from page 7

"She should be grateful to you."

"Oh, she is. I'm sure of that."

"Sufficiently grateful to reveal it in some concrete form?"

The woman did not reply. His shadowy suggestion eluded her. Murray did not press the point.

"Before I send for the others, Mrs. Cartwright, do you know where they were this morning?"

She shook her head. "I have no idea. I did not question the movements of my two guests. Maria helped me give John his breakfast, then sent him off with Earle. I did not see her until after I made the discovery."

"And where were you, Mrs. Cartwright?"

"I worked in the kitchen with the cook. We were together all the morning."

"Thank you very much," Murray heaved himself to his feet. "Now, may I see these people—singly?"

"Yes."

At the door, John looked back and the solemn expression was gone. Instead there was a sudden ingenuous grin, and a fat hand waggled its shy good-bye. The detective had been apprised.

Gloria Young came in like a mannequin off duty. There was no intentional posing, but there was a rhythm and grace arising out of long practice. Roy Murray had the impression that her mind might be similarly trained. A very attractive woman, a little scared by the inexorable passing of the years.

As she came closer, Murray discerned beneath her outward manner a nervous tension almost too great for her to control. They exchanged question and answer for a while, and as each question probed closer to the vital subject her tension increased.

"You knew Earle Benson well?"

"Yes, very well." There was a pause. Then, before his impassiveness, her composure broke.

"Forgive me," she said emotionally. "I have been bracing myself for this, and it has upset me."

"Don't be frightened of me. My mission is unpleasant, but you have only to answer honestly."

"Thank you." She touched her eyes quickly with a filmy handkerchief she had produced.

"You did know Earle Benson well?"

"Yes. Very well indeed." Her voice held a desperate agony. "At least, I thought I did, but then I was prejudiced. It was satisfaction just to watch his face—to watch his movements. To watch his eyes smile. To feel his presence. Yes, I loved Earle. If I don't tell you, they will."

In spite of her expression of a tender emotion, her voice had an undercurrent of hardness. "Love unrequited—or discarded?" Murray wondered. "In either case, dangerous." To her he said: "Where were you this morning?"

To his surprise, she answered: "I was with him in the garden."

"When did you leave him?"

"Shortly before—it happened." Her eyes were lowered. "We—we quarrelled."

"About what?"

"Apparently I had made a mistake," she said.

"You saw no one else in the garden?"

"Only John—but in my anger I could have overlooked anyone."

"And they could have done it, thinking that you might be blamed because you had quarrelled?"

"Yes," she said eagerly.

"Is there anyone you suspect?"

"No. Mr. Barker owed Earle money."

"I know of that. Well, Miss Young, I won't keep you any longer."

"Thank you." She was the mannequin again as she rose. "I will be in the next room if I am wanted."

She went out with her composure restored.

Maria Walker did not possess the same composure. She was plain and rather awkward. Her nervousness could have been due as much to her natural disposition as to her present emotion. She carried a book in her hands.

She managed a warm smile, and that made her appealing and attractive. She answered questions with

undue care as though afraid of contradicting herself.

"You were fond of Mr. Benson?"

"Not particularly," she stammered. "I knew him well."

"He was kind—generous?" Murray made it a statement.

She hesitated a moment before she said: "My pendant?"

She was wearing no pendant, but, scenting a clue, Murray nodded as though he knew.

"Earle gave it to me yesterday," she said. "A diamond pendant. It didn't fool me. I knew Earle talked a lot and had a lot of pretty ways, but the pendant—oh, Mr. Murray, I've always been so drably poor until now. I have never possessed anything so beautiful. It's like ice made into lace, with fire in the stone." She swallowed convulsively.

"He didn't want anything. It was just his vanity to see me wearing something his generosity had provided. He might have given it to anyone. That's why I kept it, because it meant nothing to him—yet it meant a lot to me for its own worth and for the worth of everything that I have missed. We were both satisfied and without delusion."

"Where were you this morning?"

"I gave John his breakfast and then I went to my room to read a novel. Look—this is it. Here's where I turned down this leaf corner last night, and this morning when I'd finished I turned down this one—although—" she looked a little foolish —"that proves nothing."

She went out, moving awkwardly in the manner of the acutely self-conscious.

No motive, Murray decided, unless Earle tried to give away something in her past life—that life when she was a little wild, before Mrs. Cartwright rescued her.

Mr. Reginald Barker was small, excitable, eager, and indirect. He answered questions evasively or he avoided them with generalities voiced emphatically. After a few minutes of this unsatisfactory take and no give, Murray found himself squirming with an exasperation he dared not reveal.

"There was the matter of a debt," he said, endeavoring to nail down Mr. Barker to a statement. "You owed Earle Benson a big sum of money." Mr. Barker fell silent, looking out sharply from behind his caution.

"Earle was always very generous," he said.

"His sudden demise must have been—shall I say—convenient?"

"Invariably death brings good fortune to some as it brings sorrow to others. Yes, I am relieved. I do not have to meet my obligation, though it was a friendly debt. Earle never pressed me for the money. In fact, it was rather a gift—like the pendant he gave yesterday to Gloria."

"To Gloria? What kind of pendant?"

"A very delicate thing with small diamonds. Quite modern and well suited to Gloria's personality."

"How do you know he gave it to Gloria?"

"He showed it to me and explained his intention."

"Mr. Barker, he did not give that pendant to Gloria. He gave it to Maria Walker."

Murray was hard put to it to decide whether Mr. Barker's concern was genuine. The man sat like a statue for a moment.

"No—" he said. "No. Not to Maria."

"Does it matter to you to whom Earle gave the pendant?"

For a moment it seemed that Mr. Barker, looking ten years older, had not heard the question. Then he said, quietly, in a worried tone: "No, no. It doesn't matter, sir."

"Yet you are upset to know Maria received it? Now, come, Mr. Barker. Is this the first moment that you knew? Or did you know before he was killed that he was giving the pendant to the woman you love?"

Mr. Barker made a helpless movement with his hands and for a moment his guard was down.

"I do not understand," he said. "He told me it was for Gloria."

"Mr. Barker, where were you this morning?"

"I had breakfast with everyone, then I wrote a letter in here—by that window. Afterwards I took it down to the shopping centre to post."

"Did anyone see you?"

"No, I'm afraid not. I strolled out without telling anyone and I did not see anyone I knew going either way. It was over when I got back."

"Thank you. That will be all for now."

After Barker had gone, Murray went out on to the terrace with a cigarette. He heard Mrs. Cartwright and John come into the room behind him, and the murmur of her patient voice was an undercurrent to the child's efforts at speech.

As the minutes went by the others came, as though drawn irresistibly. First Maria, then Gloria, and lastly Barker.

"One of them did it," Murray thought, "and I think I know the one."

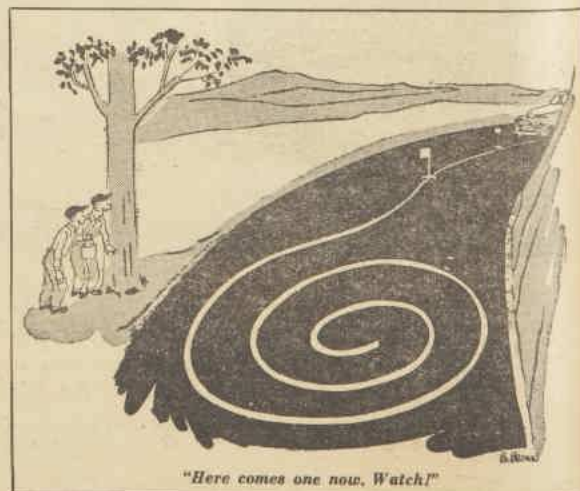
Reginald Barker sat in an easy chair far from at his ease, and smoked cigarettes. Now and then he looked across at John, who had begun building insecure pillars with picture-blocks and toppling them over again.

Gloria Young strolled along the glass-doored bookcase seeing none of the names or titles. Once Murray caught her staring morosely at the reflection of John in the glass, and once she turned to look in that direction. Her expression revealed nothing helpful.

Maria sat a little apart from Mrs. Cartwright, too nervous to come closer, uncertain of how she stood in favor. She was embroidering a cushion-cover in colored threads as bright that they were a mockery of her mood.

She was sewing with shaking fingers, making mistakes and not rectifying them. She, too, glanced frequently toward John, absorbed in his all-important blocks.

Please turn to page 33



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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

Procedure at wedding ceremonies and details of the clothes worn by the bride and bridegroom and their attendants often present problems to the people concerned.

It is natural that they want to do what is correct on this important occasion, and not to flout convention in any way.

I RECEIVE a great many letters asking for information on wedding etiquette.

Some queries of general interest are printed below, as the replies may help others.

"Is it necessary to wear the bridal veil over the face when entering the church? Which arm does the bride take when entering the church with her father, or whoever is giving her away, and on leaving it with the bridegroom?"

Some people think it is more effective for the bride to have her veil over her face when she walks up the aisle, but neither the church nor etiquette demands this. The bride enters the church on her father's right arm, and leaves it on the left arm of the bridegroom.

"My mother and father are separated, and never meet. I see my father sometimes, and my brother and sister not at all. All my friends understand the position, and my father is not on speaking terms with my mother's people. I am to be married shortly, and must decide if father should be asked to the wedding. Mother says to please myself."

I think an invitation to your wed-

ding is a courtesy you owe your father. Leave him to accept or decline as he thinks fit. In all probability he will go to the church, but not attend the reception, as it would be embarrassing for all concerned. But if you did not invite him to your marriage you might reproach yourself bitterly later.

The invitations should be sent out in your mother's name only.

"WOULD it be out of place for a young man to wear a grey suit at his wedding? It will be in the daytime, and the girl will not be dressed as a bride. With the suit I could wear a white shirt and striped grey tie."

For an informal daytime wedding the grey suit and white shirt you suggest would be suitable. I think, though, that a plain dark-colored tie would be more appropriate than one with stripes.

"WE have chosen a morning wedding, but I shall be dressed as a bride. My wedding dress has long sleeves, and I do not know if it is correct to wear gloves. If gloves should be worn, I suppose white kid would be the most suitable."

Little wrist-length white kid gloves look very sweet, with a long-

sleeved wedding dress, but a great number of brides do not wear gloves at all these days, particularly if the sleeve of the dress is designed to fall in a peak over the hand.

"UP till a month ago my married life was a happy one. Since then my husband has begun to go out at night. He will tell me nothing about where he is going, or whom he is going with, and will not let me accompany him. He admits to representing himself as single, when not only to be married but has two young children. I am all the more puzzled because up till now he has been loving, considerate, and understanding."

You appear to be facing one of the situations in married life that demand of the woman all the wisdom, tact, and self-control of which she is capable. Your husband's behaviour is disgraceful, of course. He should be thoroughly ashamed of himself. Accepting the fact that he is your husband and you want him to return to his senses as soon as possible, my only advice to you is to remain the woman he has always known and loved. That has been your attraction for him; don't throw it away by being bitter and plaintive now.

"I HAVE been supporting myself for the past 18 months, but want a nursing career if possible. My family could not afford to give me a secondary school education. Would this interfere with my chances of becoming a nurse in Queensland?"

Write to the secretary, Nurses Registration Board, 167 Adelaide St., Brisbane, and ask for full particulars, which will include educational standards required. You may find that you have the necessary qualifications.

When writing for advice on your problem...

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 2. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"WITHOUT being obvious, I want to find out if a boy I like likes me too. He is friendly towards me, but as I haven't given him any special encouragement I don't know if he is as interested in me as I am in him."

It is usually the boy who makes the running. Unless you have been particularly frigid, there appears to be no reason why he would not have made some move to show that he is interested. Give him an opportunity that he can either follow up or not next time you meet. If he does nothing about it, you will have to conclude that he doesn't return your interest.

"MY brother and I are good friends, but his girl (who is a good friend of mine, too) is miserable because he isn't playing the game with her, and is taking someone else out. I have thought about trying to win her affections, but don't want to do anything that is despicable."

The most manly action would be to come right out in the open and tell your brother that as he doesn't seem to appreciate his girl you are going to try to take her away from him. That will either pull him up short in his bad behaviour, or open the way for your own wooing.

"AS a business woman, my best opportunity of seeing my friends is at lunch-time. When two women meet to lunch together

there is sometimes some embarrassment as to who should pay the bill. Is there any means by which the position can be made clear?"

It is generally accepted that when you suggest to another woman that you should lunch together, you will both be paying your own bill and simply sharing a meal together for mutual enjoyment. When you ask someone "to LUNCH with you," you are inviting her to be your guest.

"WHAT would you advise a girl to do when her greatest rival is her own mother? My mother is well preserved, attractive, much better groomed and dressed than I am myself, and mentally youthful. Though I know she doesn't mean anything by it, she sets out to captivate every man I invite to the house. She is very charming and has the added attraction of maturity."

I don't often hear of your problem, but it is by no means isolated. There are women who have been used to admiration in their youth, and with—as you say—the added attraction of maturity cannot resist the temptation of capturing every male they meet, even those who are their own daughter's friends. It is a purely feminine instinct, and without any malicious intent.

But that doesn't make things any easier for you. While I think that girls should introduce their friends to their family, it might in your case be wise not to do so in future until you are sure of the affections of your young man.

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Nicholas Product

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The Frightened Witness

Continued from page 28

her attention left his game. Following this, everyone was instantly attentive, all eyes concentrated on the child's face. Down dropped the mouth as the immature memory brought back the morning. Then the child was up and padding across the room to Mrs. Cartwright.

"Mummy," he said urgently. "Mummy, Pity." He tugged at his mother's dress, implying that she should follow him. Six adult minds sought to probe the innocent utterance. Perhaps it meant something to one of those minds—the tortured mind with murder burned into it.

Mrs. Cartwright held the child gently. "What did you say, dear?" "Pity," he said again, but her direct question and the staring of the others confused him. He leaned against his mother and the moment was gone. Barker went on smoking, Maria's needle drew its bright thread through the cushion-cover, Gloria drew open the bookcase and took out a slim volume at random.

Murray, going in, paused to look at her. "Omar Khayyam," he commented. "You are interested in the moving finger, which, having writ, moves on?"

Gloria thrust the book back in its place.

"I don't like philosophy," she said distastefully. "It stands still." Murray went out to the terrace again. Presently Mrs. Cartwright came to him.

"I can't stand this silence," she whispered. "Every time they look at John I feel I should snatch him up and run out of the room. I can't stand it."

"Do something to keep you busy," Murray advised. "Make some afternoon tea."

She went back into the room. When she announced her intention of making tea, Maria put aside her sewing from habit and would have risen, but Mrs. Cartwright waved her back.

"No, I can manage," she said far too hastily, and she went out with John. Maria did not sit down again. She continued to rise. Mrs. Cartwright's rejection had brought her close to tears.

"I think I'll freshen up a little before tea," she announced with nervous clarity, and went out to the stairs.

She was still absent when the tea came, but Mrs. Cartwright served it with outward calm. Presently Maria appeared again. She had changed her frock and now she wore on a thin chain a small but exquisite pendant flashing several diamonds. John, who had a cake in his chubby hands, held it out for her inspection.

"What is it darling?" she asked winningly.

John stepped toward her as though he would have gone to her. Then he stopped, and his little mouth opened. His eyes grew wider and he looked sick. Abruptly he began to scream, and instantly rushed to the protection of Mrs. Cartwright's dress.

The astounded silence was broken only by his sobs.

Maria herself, who had crouched to receive the child, rose slowly again, swaying slightly. Her color

deserted her and her make-up stood out against a ghastly pallor. She looked from one to another, and her taut nerves gave way.

Without a sound, she fled from the room, fled from the burning of their thoughts and their bewildered accusation.

Murray was the first to speak. "Which is Maria's room?" he murmured.

"Immediately above this one," said Mrs. Cartwright.

Maria did not answer his knock, but Murray knew she was there, and went in. She was on the bed, but at his entry she sprang up from it.

"I swear I don't know why," she cried tearfully. "I swear."

"You are distraught. Tell me quietly."

"But John loves me, and I love him. Why did he scream at me?" "He did not scream at you."

"But he did—"

"No, Maria. He screamed at your pendant."

"My pendant?" Perplexity and the necessity to think calmed her. "He has never seen it. Why should it terrify him?"

"I don't know, but it's very important. Tell me. Earle Benson gave it to you?"

"Yes. He gave it to me yesterday."

"Has it been out of your possession since?"

"It has been out of my dressing-table, and I carry the key."

"No one could have—borrowed it?"

"Impossible."

"Had John seen it before?"

"No. To-day was the first time I had worn it."

As Murray moved toward the door she was before him, blocking his way. "You don't think it was me, do you?"

"No, Maria. I don't think it was you."

Downstairs Murray found the afternoon tea fiasco ended. Mrs. Cartwright was out on the terrace, but the others had apparently gone to their rooms.

"Mummy—" John was saying as Murray came out. "Mummy."

"What is it, darling?" John pulled insistently at her hand.

"Mummy come," he urged. "See pity."

Mrs. Cartwright turned an appealing look upon Murray.

"Let him take you," the detective said. "I'll follow."

John was like a dog that has something to show his master. Mrs. Cartwright let him drag her across the lawn, stifling her instinctive horror at approaching the dread spot. Down over the grass the impatient hand took them, until they stood on the edge of the trees. Then the child stopped, pointing fearfully.

"Yes, dear. That's the place. Mummy knows."

That was not satisfactory. There was something more. She must go further, although John was too terrified to go with her.

"I'll carry him," Murray offered. John made no protest about this, but Murray felt the boy's frenzied fingers digging into him.

"Pity. Mummy. Pity." Mrs. Cart-

wright's mind worried at the word. Pity? The devoted eyes watched her. Then, in a flash, she thought: Pity flower. The garden was filled by "pity flowers."

"Pretty?" she experimented, and she knew she was right.

"Pretty flower?" she suggested, but that was wrong.

"Pity-in-wet," the child managed seriously. Something pretty in the pool? Mrs. Cartwright began to move forward. While Murray stood back with John, she went to the fountain's brim.

The child watched her in fascinated horror. It was there, caught in some leafy debris, almost hidden from sight—a diamond pendant of exquisite delicacy, shining like a star—a replica of the pendant worn by Maria Walker. She reached down quickly and scooped it into her hands, calling to Murray as she did so.

He came, but a sound warned them that they were no longer alone. On the crazy path among the trees stood Gloria.

Very beautiful she looked, in her floral afternoon frock and her plastic shoes, the waves of her hair shining and her trim figure tense; very beautiful until one looked at her face, and there fear and horror and despair foisted one another from lips to eyes.

Courageous in the presence of the detective, Mrs. Cartwright dangled the wet, glistening pendant.

"Yours," she said. "Yours, Gloria?"

Gloria tried to speak. They saw her throat quiver with the effort, but it ended in an unintelligible catching of the breath. Then, soundlessly, she swayed, her eyes closed, and she fell.

They were all in that room again, but the dread had gone from it. There was no longer the interplay of voiceless accusation. Gloria, slumped in a chair, with her hair awry, was speaking almost tonelessly.

"I did love him very much. I was too big a fool to see that he didn't want me. He bought me the pendant, and it was so beautiful. How could he have done that if he hadn't cared for me? That's what I thought at the time. Then—last night I saw you, Maria, with yours."

"How could you? I didn't wear mine last night."

"Oh, yes. I saw you from the hall doorway. You sat in front of your mirror in your room and you put it on. You turned this way and that way so it would shine."

"Yes, I did do that."

"And every time it sparkled the flash went through me like a knife. I was furious. Not only was it humiliating to find that I was—just—one of several, but—you, of all people. A servant."

Maria winced visibly, but said nothing.

"I went through purgatory last night," Gloria went on. "Loving him, loathing him. Even crying from self-pity. Then, in the garden this morning I found him sitting on the edge of the fountain. I didn't see John. I think he had gone around the pond to look at the goldfish. Earle and I quarrelled. I—I threw the pendant in his face and it fell into the water."

"Of course, I should have gone then, and it would not have happened, but he turned away and stretched out his arms, calling John. While John was coming around the pond Earle tossed a remark over his shoulder—a humiliating, filthy remark. It was too much for me. The broken stone frog was beside me and I snatched it up—" She broke off, her voice trembling.

"He was still sitting on the stone coping of the pond," she went on, "and it was easy to strike him on the head with it. He fell sideways into the water. When he made those dreadful noises I was horrified. I—I turned and ran. I didn't know he was dead. I thought he could struggle out—"

There was a moment's silence, during which Gloria waited, hoping in her wretchedness for some word of pity or condolence, but none came. Nor would it ever come.

Gloria looked up haggardly at Mrs. Cartwright, thrusting at her hair as she did so.

"John was safe," she whispered. "That would have been beyond me. You must believe that." Again she waited, but when the group around her remained unresponsive she broke suddenly into violent sobbing.

"Oh, it's a horrible thing. To kill someone like that. One quick, passionate action and it's—done. Irrevocably. You can't bring back anything the moving finger writes."

Murray rose grimly and said: "Nor can thy tears wash out a word of it."

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HAZEL



"I move that a committee of one be appointed to help with the dishes."

BUTLER-RIEDEL WEDDING IN CANBERRA



MR. AND MRS. WALTER BUTLER cut cake at reception at U.S. Embassy.



LEAVING BY PLANE. Honeymooners fly to Sydney. Will live in Melbourne, where groom will attend University.



ATTENDING BRIDE.

Betty McKell, Governor-General's daughter, groom's sister Catherine, bride's sister Dorothy, and Mei Ping, daughter of Chinese Charge d'Affaires, Dr. Cheng, and Mrs. Cheng.

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SCENE IN CHURCH. Bride and groom walk down aisle on white carpet. This was second appearance in church that day, as they attended 7 a.m. Mass.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 2, 1947

Lennie Lower bequeathed us a million chuckles

Laughter triumphs over sadness
as we read his articles again

Readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, who for seven years laughed to the tune of humor called by Lennie Lower, may recall one of the nonsensical whimsies in which the Master had a frightful time disposing of the Lower family millions among hundreds of claimants.

Concluding, Lennie congratulated himself and everyone concerned because, "when I pass into the Great Beyond there will be no bickering at the graveside. People will just tear up my IOU's, stand a moment in silent grief, and pass on, muttering to themselves. I don't see what else they can do."

IN Sydney last week at the age of 43 Lennie Lower did pass into the Great Beyond.

We don't know about any Lower legacy of millions in sterling or millions in IOU's, but we do know he left the richest and rarest of legacies—millions of laughs.

Some of the laughs—"Here's Luck" and his unequalled magazine humor—are recorded indelibly in print. The others— anecdotes and personal notes concerning the man behind the byline "Lennie Lower"—are now being handed on by word of mouth among his friends.

Lennie vastly underestimated his mourners when he said he "couldn't see what else they could do."

Perhaps the greatest and warmest tribute that can be paid to the man is the fact that even now he is making his friends forget their sadness at his death in their laughter at the remembrance of his irresponsible pranks and eccentricities.

It is, we feel, what Lennie, with his subtle sense of drama, would have liked, and quite possibly would have deemed his brightest "gag" since his hoax at the Journalists' Ball some years back.

Lennie, no one knows quite how, entered the servery of David Jones, and, dressed in waiters' uniform, waited quietly, courteously, and efficiently on the tables of his journalist conferees.

Isolated comments of "Good grief, that waiter is the living image of Lower, wait till Lennie sees him," disturbed not a muscle on Lennie's face. Not until the entire ballroom was bubbling about the intriguing likeness of the waiter and Lennie Lower, humorist, did Lennie, in the centre of the floor, step out of the waiter's chrysalis and emerge as the rumpled sports-suit-clad Lennie.

Many of our office anecdotes surrounding Lennie have been embellished elaborately in the passage of time.

But this one is authentic. One day we heard ear-splitting screams and cries for help from the room where Lennie was working on his piece, perilously close to deadline, as usual.

"Help, help," shouted Lennie, and several women rushed to the door.

Lennie looked up from his typewriter. "Give me a cigarette, sometime please," he said mildly.

Another time, Lennie wanted to see a certain executive who didn't want to see Lennie. The executive's secretary kept telling Lennie he was out, but Lennie kept coming back.

At last, Lennie approached the executive's door. Lifting up his head, he gave a realistic imitation of a dog barking. Within 30 seconds the executive came storming through his door to ask why there was a dog in the building.

Lennie got his interview!

Artist Wep, who illustrated Lennie's work, recalls a caravan trip with Lennie. Wep says that despite the casual attitude Lennie adopted, not once did the humorist fail to spot the local color or pick the choicest out of character.

Doubtless fans of Lennie among our readers will cherish their own pet Lower gems, but after scanning back files of the paper we have selected the following laugh extracts.

Remarkable consistency of the humorist's work can be gauged from the fact that, although he contributed humor weekly in this maga-

zine from 1933 to 1940, these selections are taken from only two years' files.

Fairy tales

HIS out-Grimming grim fairy stories, of course, are unsurpassable.

We needed no more than the opening paragraphs to settle back and prepare ourselves for the laughs.

"Once upon a time there was a small plant who worked in a biscuit factory, and whose job was to put fairy edges on expensive biscuits, which he did by carefully and symmetrically nibbling around the edges."

"Once upon a time there was a blacksmith who had the effrontery to look the whole world in the face because he claimed that he owed not any man. One day an elf staggered into the place with a sprained pastern."

"Once upon a time there was a wicked S.P. bookmaker who lived in a wood . . ."

"One day, the Fairy Queen was leaning against a daffodil when a grasshopper appeared . . ."

As a historian

"IT was on a Tuesday morning that Cook landed in Farm Cove, so-called because the blacks used to go in for extensive farming around the place. That was the dawning of civilisation in Australia. To Cook we owe . . . well, whatever we owe."

Blaxland, Lawson, and Wentworth crossed the Blue Mountains.

"Look," said Lawson, "look at that lovely undulating country."

"Oh," said Blaxland with relief, "it's only the country that's undulating."

With Phillip in Botany Bay.

"Phillip and I were sitting down munching our sandwiches when Sir Joseph Banks came running up with a piece of lantana in one hand and a sprig of Bathurst burr in the other."

"Look what I've found!" he cried delightedly.

"How quaint," said Phillip. "We must plant a lot of that, too. Have a sandwich, Joe."

Detective Lower

"I WAS seated one day at the organ—I mean in my detective-office drawing some fingerprints—when the loud baying of bloodhounds tied to the front door told me I had a visitor — Inspector O'Grady, from G.I.D. headquarters."

"Mr. Lower," he said, "we're baffled again. We want your assistance . . ."

"I knelt by the body. 'H'mm,' I said, 'no wonder you couldn't find the weapon. He's been stabbed to death with an icicle and it melted.'"

"Marvellous!" said the inspector."

Sherlock solves another crime:

"It was suicide, Inspector. Or perhaps it might be kinder to call it an accident. He was shaving. Suffering from St. Vitus' Dance as he did, he inadvertently sliced off one of his arms."

"Lawks-a-mercy!"

"Then, having to use his left hand to continue shaving, he clumsily cut



"THE ONLY WAY we can keep our caravan steady is to shiver on different wave-lengths," says Lennie Lower on caravan trip down the Snowy River with artist Wep and Mrs. Wep in 1938.

one of his legs off at the hip."

"Well I never!"

"The housekeeper will tell you that he was a very tidy man. What more natural than to carve off the other arm and leg in order to preserve a certain amount of symmetry?"

"Fancy me not thinking of that, Mr. Lower."

"Child's play, my man!"

Admiral Lower

LOWER engages the enemy at sea.

"I was Front Admiral, which is higher up than Rear-Admiral."

"Look-out: Enemy on port bow, sir!"

"Well, push him off! The ship's

Mrs. Lower a book of crossword puzzles . . . Now when I come home I'm ordered not to 'Hang my hat up' but to 'suspend my head covering on the curved wall attachment'."

"That's what crosswords are doing to our place."

"I've frequently found myself in the midst of a terrific argument at home, and the subject has become so confused that we've had to start all over again in order to find out what the row was about and who started it in the first place."

Beauty consultant

"NOTHING is more conducive to beauty than deep breathing. Actually, practically any kind of breathing is good for you. People who don't breathe get a pasty, haggard look."

"Thin, scraggy necks will soon yield to this treatment. Hang a large iron ball—or if this is not possible, a couple of flat irons—around the neck. They may be concealed under the frock when going out. This develops the muscles and improves the carriage."

"Whatever you do, don't lean forward, as you might get a run on and finish up on your ear."

Lower proverbs

LOWER slant on a desk calendar packed with proverbs, kind thoughts, and noble deeds:

"Proverbs have done more harm than can ever be calculated."

"My grandfather had a proverb for every occasion. Boiled down, what they all meant was, 'Don't enjoy yourself; it annoys me.'"

"If I took any notice of my proverb calendar I would be casting bread into water, where it would sink immediately, and I would be dashing around striking irons while they are hot."

"Lower proverbs: He who hesitates loses odds. He who laughs last is Scotch. Pride goeth before the electors."

Beachcomber

"I'M sick of this life. I want an island. I want to sit on the beach munching dugong and watching the tide come in. After that I would like to gather little shells

and place them in my hair, and then sit on the beach and watch the tide go out."

Fashion expert

"ALL we girls on The Australian Women's Weekly are thrilled by the new autumn fashions. Some suits will have contrasting gilets. Now if it had been gimbets or giblets, I could have gone into the matter in some detail."

One man quiz team

LOWER in a dual role of quiz kid and quiz master:

"Q: What is a corridor?"

"A: A Spanish bullfighter."

"Q: What means do bees use to get the screw-tops down on honey jars?"

"A: They stand on the lid of the jar and walk slowly round and round, thus screwing down the lid."

"Q: What is a termite?"

"A: A termite is a man who has bought his furniture on time payment, an easy-term system."

Home hints

"ALWAYS save the washing-up water for stock. Remember that plenty of stock, especially in drought times, would be glad to have it."

"If ever you're feeling haughty about yourself, just remember that if you had all the meat taken off your chest you'd look like a xylophone."

"A modern home should contain a machine for washing up the dishes. This should also dry the dishes, put them away, and sweep the floor after folding the tablecloth, and then say in a loud, mechanical voice, 'Well, thank goodness for that.'"

"The easiest way to clean windows is to throw buckets of water at them and then polish them with the Pomeranian. The dog will yelp a bit, but it is really a good idea, as by this simple procedure you polish the window and clean the dog at the same time."

"I've had my photograph taken. You'd hardly recognise me. It's an X-ray photo, and after one good look at it I have decided that I need filleting."

"Whatever you do, never keep a memorandum book! It is like living in the same room all the time with your wife, your boss, your S.P. bookmaker, and your creditors."

VALE Lennie Lower!



Lennie Lower — laughmaker

overcrowded as it is."

"Just then a shell from the enemy whistled across our bows."

"Signal to the enemy to cut that out," I roared. "It's not their turn to fire!"

Domestic life

DOMESTICITY of Mr. and Mrs.

Everybody as intently drawn

by Lower:

"Some misguided fiend has given



SUSAN PETERS has an enthusiastic audience in Lorraine Day (centre) and Ann Rutherford as she describes her part in Columbia's "Sign of the Cross." It is her first film since her accident two years ago, and she will play the role in a wheel-chair, as she is unable to walk or stand.

Susan Peters to return in new screen career

Dramatic role for crippled star in film with Ron Randall

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Susan Peters has started work on the Columbia film "Sign of the Cross."

When she talked to me about it in her bright, cheerful dressing-room with its red-and-white color scheme, Susan wore a matching red-checked dressing-gown.

SHE looked like any other movie star, until one noticed that the chair she was sitting in had wheels and that her knees were covered with a light rug.

For the leading lady of this film is completely paralysed from the waist down, after the hunting accident two years ago when she accidentally discharged a gun against herself.

"I am thrilled with this movie role," she said.

"For two years, although I have done several radio programmes, I searched vainly for a part of a girl in a chair, which would show a logical reason for the handicap."

"This part is the first character role I have tried, and is a far cry from the ingenue roles I used to play at Metro before my accident, when I had parts in 'Song of Russia,' 'Random Harvest,' and 'Tish.'"

"Tish" was my favorite film, because I met my husband, Richard Quine, when we played together in it, but we have never played together since, and don't want to. "We believe we are better off in different films."

"Though Richard was offered a part in my Columbia film, he prefers to keep to his writing at the moment."

"Richard and I still enjoy hunting, though I do most of my shooting at the rabbits from my car, which is specially constructed with a hand drive so I can drive myself. "Every day in the summer Richard carries me down to the surf for an ocean dip."

"I try to lead as normal a life as possible, and without trying like Pollyanna I have worked out a

philosophy for myself which keeps me contented."

"Naturally, I am deeply engrossed in my 14-months-old adopted son, Tim, and I am recording his first words."

"I run my house myself, doing all the food ordering over the telephone, checking the laundry, and designing new color schemes for my house."

"Recently I had the dining-room redecorated in Florentine green and white, but it proved a miserable failure, as baby Tim soon added raspberry tints from jammy hands all over the walls."

"I must admit that bright colors are my favorite 'cheeruppers.'"

"I like to wear fancy hats and gay blouses, as they keep up my morale."

"I am thrilled with the special chair which Columbia have designed for me with various sets of removable upholstery to match my different dresses."

"As I am allergic to heat since my accident, the studio has put a special cooling system on the sound stages where I will work."

"I am doing a piano recording of the song I play in the film before I actually face the cameras."

"It will be grand to meet Ron Randall, who plays the role of the doctor in the film, as I have heard glowing reports about his work from Ginger Rogers."

"Incidentally, I must say I am glad I gave up my idea of becoming a doctor," Susan smiled wryly. "My accident would have wrecked a medical career, but it's not going to wreck my career as an actress."

"Look at Sarah Bernhardt. She acted on the stage after her leg was amputated, and to-day comedian Jimmy Savo entertains in nightclubs though he has lost a leg."

Susan was wearing unusual earrings, and told me they were a present from a disabled soldier in a veterans' hospital where she often goes to give dramatic readings for boys who are similarly paralysed.

One of them gave her his cherished set of ebony dice for a souvenir, so Susan had them made into ear-rings which she wears when visiting him.

She plans to adopt two more children, a boy about her son's age, and later a baby sister for the boys.

Her Great Dane dog named Thunder has a part in the picture because he never leaves Susan's side at home, and she is afraid it would break his heart if he did not accompany her on the set.

Thunder has a terrific appetite, and eats three pounds of steak for dinner, with two quarts of milk, and six eggs for breakfast. He is four feet high, and weighs 150 pounds.

Susan hopes he is a good actor, as his father played one of the dogs in "Hound of the Baskervilles," so his acting tradition is well started.

News from the studios

ROLAND YOUNG is postponing his return to Hollywood and his honeymoon with his fiancée, whose identity remains a secret, to star in what promises to be an interesting film.

It is called simply "Bond Street," and will feature all the aspects of life in London's most fashionable and exclusive street for jewellers, milliners, couturiers.

Roland should be right at home as a man about town.

ALLIANCE FILMS are making a film serials for child audiences from the popular radio series, "Just William."

ANOTHER book, called "The Basement Room," written by that fine English novelist Graham Greene, will be directed by England's top director, Carol Reed.

REX HARRISON is reported to be suffering from acute home-sickness and nostalgia for England.



FILM ON AUSTRALIA has been completed by English director Clifford Hornby. This picture shows him with his production manager, Ben Shine, and cameraman Douglas Hardy "shooting" young students of the Yanco Agricultural High School.

Film Reviews

★★★ MARGIE

WHEN flappers rolled their stockings below their knees and listened to the singing of band leader Rudy Vallee, "Margie" was a popular song hit.

From the memories of those late 1920 days, Fox have produced a technicolor nostalgic comedy of youth, in which they have starred the photogenic and attractive Jeanne Crain in the title role. The screen play is based on stories written by Ruth McKenny and Richard Bransten, and deals mostly with the wide-eyed adoration of the handsome French teacher (Glenn Langan) by schoolgirl Margie. Told in flashback style, the film shows Margie as a married woman recalling her schooldays to her teen-age daughter.

Miss Crain, who improves in every picture, is most attractive and she has the support of many of the most promising youngsters under contract to Fox. Radio player Alan Young makes a good film debut as a gangling college boy bitterly jealous of the French master—Regent; showing.

★★★ CYNTHIA

STEPPING with dexterity and charm into a semi-grown-up role, Elizabeth Taylor makes MGM's small-town comedy-drama an interesting affair. The young star is fulfilling her early promise of good looks, and her acting ability should make MGM chiefs very happy. She has grand co-operation from Mary Astor, George Murphy, and veteran S. Z. Sakall.

Elizabeth takes the role of the teen-age Cynthia Bishop, whose ill-health in childhood has kept her more than usually sheltered. She gradually emerges into the world of teen-agers, and her first romance with Jimmy Lyon (who has now graduated into film billing as James) is most appealing. As the parents, Mary Astor and George Murphy are a good new team. Astor is especially effective. S. Z. Sakall is the music master who encourages the shy Cynthia in her singing lessons.—Liberty; showing.

★★ THE IMPERFECT LADY

STARS of the calibre of Ray Milland and Teresa Wright might have expected a better script and tighter direction than they have received in Paramount's drama of the 1890's. Both players skilfully handle their lines, in which clichés abound, and they give a semblance of reality to the hackneyed plot.

Milland is an ambitious young British politician whose wish to marry ballet girl Millicent (Miss Wright) causes a family uproar, most of which is created by Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Milland's brother. The couple finally marry, but Millicent's innocent entanglement with a Spanish pianist (Anthony Quinn), who is accused of murder, brings an expected situation. Her ability to provide an alibi

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

for him will ruin her husband's political career.

In all this welter of Victorian melodrama, Milland's good humor and Miss Wright's sincerity appeal stand out well, and there is a bright effort by Virginia Field as a Cockney dancer.—State; showing.

★★ THE FABULOUS DORSEY

STRICTLY for swing and jive fans comes United Artists' release of a truth-cum-fiction film of the life of American band leader Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey. The boys play and a few appearances of other orchestra leaders, including Paul Whiteman, give the picture its authentic moments.

Apart from their talents with the trombone (Tommy) and saxophone (Jimmy), the Dorseys are known to have fought consistently for years and it was only after their father's death that they became reconciled.

The story starts with their early years, spent in poor circumstances in a mining town in Pennsylvania, and brings them through to the present musical and financial successes. Many of the tunes which they have become associated are heard in the film. Of the best cast, the best performance is that of Janet Blair as a childhood friend and, later, soloist in the Dorsey band.—Empire; showing.

★ SWELL GUY

SONNY TUFTS fails to make the most of a change in his type of part in Universal International drama written by Mark Hellinger. As Jim Duncan, former war correspondent and thorough bouncer, Tufts is not convincing at moments when strong handling of the role would be most effective.

Duncan returns to his home town from the war, and the only person who sees through his specious affability is his mother, who is fully aware of his weaknesses. Trouble follows Duncan cheating in a gambling game, interfering in the marriage of his brother, and compromising the town's best-known girl (the part is splendidly played by Ann Blyth). His plan to decamp with charity money is about to take place when he loses his life through saving a young nephew. Audience sympathy probably will go to Duncan, though Hellinger wrote the part in ironic mood.—Capitol; showing.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—August 2, 1946

Successful quartet...



● Eleanor Parker, Warner Bros. star, had an important dramatic part in "Of Human Bondage." Her next film is "Never Say Good-bye."



● Martha Vickers, attractive, long-legged Warner Bros. star, got her first big part in "The Big Sleep," with the role of Lauren Bacall's psycho-pathic sister. She has just finished making "Love and Learn" opposite Dane Clark, and her next film is "The Time, the Place, and the Girl."



● Ella Raines, versatile Universal star, has played both dramatic and comedy roles, and is now lined up for a straight part in "Time Out of Mind."



● Dorothy Malone, another Howard Hawks discovery, did not aspire to Hollywood stardom until a talent scout spotted her on the campus at a Texas university. Now under contract to Warners, she will be seen as Cary Grant's cousin in "Night and Day."



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WOMAN
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Page 38

HOPE COMEDY



1 DYING from an assassin's bullet, King Hubertus II of Barovia (Edmunds) imparts strange secret to his General Trina (Hasso). Somewhere in New York is his only son, Michael.



3 AT GUNPOINT the unwilling Michael is taken to airport by three ministers. Fascinated by charms of Trina, he is resigned to journey when plane crashes, through Mordian plot.



2 SECRET MISSION is undertaken by loyal ministers to find Michael and save Barovia from black-hooded Mordian society. They find their future King (Hope) operating a record programme on second-rate all-night radio station.

"Where There's Life . . ."

THIS film marks the 23rd comedy role undertaken by Bob Hope for Paramount, and so impressed is he with the prospects of comedy that he turned producer for his last film, "My Favorite Brunette."

"Where There's Life" has the usual crazy plot which gives Hope plenty of scope for his activities. Cast opposite him is blonde Signe Hasso, who played the part of the baleful Nazi spy in "The House on 92nd Street." Vera Marshe makes a brief appearance as the bride Hope leaves at the altar. Others in the cast include William Bendix, George Coulouris, and George Zucco.



4 WAKING after the accident to find clothes gone, Michael remembers, too late, it is his wedding day.



5 TRAPPED by Barovians and Mordians, Michael gets himself arrested for grabbing hotel maid. But police include Victor (Bendix), brother of fiancée Hazel (Marshe). He has sworn to obtain quick revenge on Michael for deserting his sister.



6 RETURNING to his room, Michael finds Trina is there, insisting she must guard him as he is new king. Hazel and Victor arrive, and, in spite of explanations, think the worst of the pair.



7 CRAWLING through vent, Michael lands in room full of Mordians, and is mistaken for one of their members. Hidden in black hood, he finds he has been chosen to do murder for the sect, and his victim is Michael Valentine, who is himself.



8 QUICK THINKING by Michael foils Mordians temporarily, and with Trina's help he unmasks Stertorius (Zucco) as spy of group. Unexpected news finally comes to solve all his difficulties.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 2, 1947

SILHOUETTES ...

*Interpreted by famous
Hollywood designers*

● BONNIE CASHIN, famous for her travel clothes, designs the wool dress on the right with a variation of her well-known toga. Its jacket front is belted tightly to the waist, and its swinging back is in cape form. Shoulders are moderately rounded, the skirt comfortably wide at the hemline for walking and 14 inches from the floor.

● LEAH RHODES likes hip interest and a modified swathed, draped line as in the frock on the left. In this smoky-pink model the hipline is gathered up by pulling through the drape material long sash ends of cocoa-colored grosgrain ribbon, which hangs to the bottom of the long, slim skirt.



● IRENE, famous film designer, made the suit above for her own wardrobe. In fine smooth woollen, it has a draped neckline, a close-fitted jacket, a clever double peplum, and a longer skirt, 13 inches from the floor back and front, with sides slit to 16 inches.

● TRAVILLA designs streamlined suits like the one on the right with a contrasting rounded line against a square cut in the jacket and skirt. The wrap-around skirt is only 10 inches from the floor at the back, a little shorter in the front.



Bonnie Cashin



Irene

Travilla



Jean Louis



Edith Head

● EDITH HEAD likes slightly rounded shoulders, neck-hugging collars, slightly raised tight waistlines, and the pegtop hippy look in the suit above. The skirt tapers a little at the bottom and the hemline is 14 inches from the floor. Buttons fasten all the way down the front and loose-cuffed sleeves show the blouse cuff.

● JEAN LOUIS adapts the apache silhouette in the bolero suit on left, and uses black Persian lamb accents on smoky-green for collar and cuffs, with an umbrella cover to match. A cummerbund of black satin fits sleekly above the barrel pockets to give a high waistline look. The skirt, narrow at the bottom, has a side slit.



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Keeping rooms fresh

● A room that is not kept fresh and sweet-smelling may affect the patient's mental attitude; also irritate any visitors.

By MEDICO

"I AM looking after my aunt, who has had a chronic infected wound of her leg, Doctor. She is distressed on account of the unpleasant odor which comes from the wound. Is there anything I can do to keep this under control?" asked Jane Philter.

"One method of controlling sick-room odors is to sprinkle a teaspoonful of coffee grounds over some red-hot coals carried round the room on a shovel or dustpan. Even brown paper allowed to smoulder and smoke is helpful."

"Is there anything I can sprinkle on the dressings which would keep the odor under control?"

ounces of a solution of bromine, of a strength of one in two thousand. Lightly soak the top dressing with this. It will not stain clothing or irritate the skin. It acts for a longer time than the Condy's solution.

"Be careful not to inhale the gas given off by the solution, as it can be irritating to the lungs. Keep the bottle well corked, in a dark place."

"Thank you, Doctor. Those hints will be very helpful," said Jane. "Aunt is very sensitive, and so she won't have visitors."

The control of sick-room odors is quite an important part of a nurse's training. Some odors can be very penetrating, and consideration for the patient's mental attitude makes it most desirable that they be brought under control. Ordinary perfumes are usually not satisfactory.

[All names used in these articles are fictitious.]

What to use

"CONDY'S fluid is useful when soaked into the top layers of the dressing over the wound. It should be a strong solution, so dissolve a saltspoonful of Condy's crystals (potassium permanganate) in a pint of water. Soak several layers of gauze or soft cloth in this solution."

"This dressing, just wet with the solution, should cover well over the sterile dressing on the wound. The solution must remain wet, and it should be sprinkled over the dressing every four hours if the odor returns."

"But that solution would stain the bedclothes, wouldn't it?" asked Jane.

"That is a disadvantage," I told her. "The clothes can be protected by a sheet of transparent wrapping paper, greaseproof paper or oil silk. If linen is stained, it can be cleaned with equal parts of photographic 'hypo' and vinegar. Your fingers may also be stained, so use dressing forceps when applying."

"Is there anything else I could use which would not stain?" she asked.

"Your chemist could make up eight

Hints on planting

By Our Home Gardener

WITH the possible exception of Queensland, where seed sowing is earlier than in the rest of the Commonwealth, this job should be held over until September and balmy days roll along.

Seedlings of many kinds, however, can be planted out over a wide area of the country, provided they have been well hardened-off and are given some protection from probable late frosts and adverse winds.

This applies particularly to hardy annuals, biennials and perennials.

Seedlings of many vegetables, such as silver beet, bentroots, tomatoes (if well protected), lettuce, onions, cabbage, leek, and rhubarb (roots) can be set out now in the warmer areas. Seeds of most root crops—carrots, parsnips, beets, turnips, and salsify—can be sown now. In the warmer, more northern coastal areas French beans and most cucurbits can be sown.

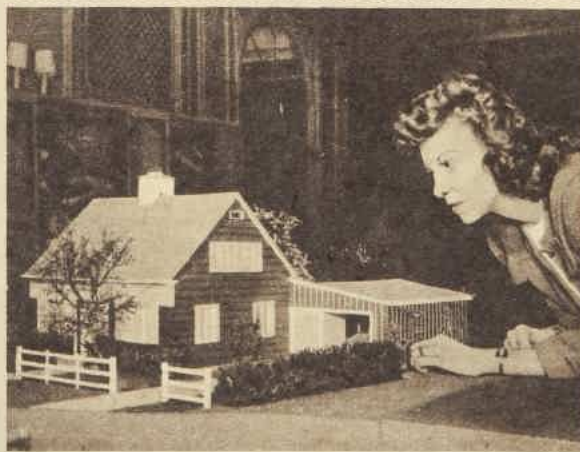
The ground should be prepared now for September sowings of French beans, sweet corn, tomatoes, and most summer crops. This also applies to flowers such as annies, asters, petunias, and other half-hardy annuals, all of which can be sown in September.

If the roses were not pruned during July, get the job finished during the early part of this month.

Spray all fruit trees that have not yet started to bloom, using Bordeaux mixture as a fungicide.



REMEMBRANCE RUG made by 71-year-old Mrs. Harry Adams, of Queanbeyan, N.S.W., will interest you. Color patches representing the Army, Air Force, and Navy were cut from tops of discarded socks and joined together with crochet. Novel rug cost nothing to make.



AMERICA'S little house for war veterans. The Cape Cod design is a perennial favorite in America. Designed to be built at small cost without sacrificing comfort, the plan permits progressive construction. Additional floor space may be added when there's more money or more family. Thus, the first floor can serve as the whole living unit until the second floor is needed. The structure attached to the house may serve as a sunroom as well as emergency shelter for car.



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So charmingly soft, so rich in colour that improves a thousand shimmering lights—that was the hair you used to have, and that is the hair in all its full beauty. Camilatone. Tintone offers you now! Your Chemist, Hairdresser or Stuffer has Camilatone beauty shampoo, including special Tintone to suit your colouring for only 2d.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two rounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel 'up and up.' Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 2/- & 1/3.



TO GIVE extra glitter to your silver after polishing, dip first in hot soapy water, then in hot clear water, and rub lengthwise with a soft clean cloth. For bowls and teapots a circular motion is best when polishing.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

- INSTALL a small mirror and shelf for cosmetics inside a kitchen cupboard, then you can quickly repair make-up if unexpected callers arrive.
- SHARP teeth in a comb can be blunted by gently rubbing the edges on a marble slab. When washing combs use warm water with a splash of ammonia.
- SMALL mats will not curl if you sew a strip of linoleum to each end with fine string. Holes can be made in the linoleum with a gimlet or leather punch.
- AFTER washing woollens lay them on a wire screen covered with clean sheeting. Pull into shape carefully, then tilt the screen as far as possible, being careful that the garments do not slip. Fasten all buttons before washing to help keep the original shape.
- SNIP off a corner of an envelope and use it as a funnel to fill salt and pepper shakers.
- OUT of ink? Add a little cold water to the sediment in the bottom of the ink bottle and you'll produce enough ink to write a short letter or sign a cheque!
- FOR those who wear lisle stockings, here's a hint for preserving a new appearance. Wash in soapy water to which has been added a handful of salt. A good plan, too, is to wash the feet first, then the legs more quickly. Dry in shade.

SHORT TALK TO SHORT GIRLS

● This week I am stepping slightly out of character and discussing the tie-up between beauty and fashion, two closely allied topics.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

EACH girl or woman has to learn what she needs in line, color, and ornamentation to make up deficiencies and add a few credits to her physique.

It is line that takes a silhouette out of the ordinary into the realms of glamor.

Let's take, for instance, a model from what I'm assured is an often-neglected group—the pocket Venus, just over five feet tall.

Our pocket Venus likes the idea of looking taller.

So she must concentrate on simple, unadorned lines.

High necklines, narrow sleeves, belts that are plain, never wide, are best for her. All-one-color costumes, a semi or completely upped hairdo, high heels on shoes with closed toes, hats that bring the facial lines upward.

Highlights are probably styling, simplicity, and the one-color costume.

There is sometimes a tendency by owners of shorter figures to overdo these precautions; to wear skirts that are too flared, for example. For the slim-hipped, narrow skirts are

very good, but if there must be fullness, centre front should take it.

The longish jacket, high, rounded lapels, broad, precise shoulders, vertically placed pockets are all height illusion tricks, as is the knife-slim skirt and peplum jacket. And the gentle V-neckline is especially kind to the petite miss.

Color is most important, too—one color as an anchor point, accented with incidental contrast on the hat brim or in jewellery accents.

The idea being that the eye should not be diverted by ad lib patches of color, but rather take in a vertical sweep of color from head to toe.

And what about printed materials? Generally the feeling is that prints should be "untouchable" for the diminutive size. As a small concession, a monotone pattern on a dark background is permissible.

As to color, "study your own individuality in choosing colors, and follow the trend of your own coloring" is sound advice.

For example, blondish-brown hair looks well with a complete ensemble of a light cocoa shade.

It is also smart to match colors to the exact tone of your hair.

In jewellery and accessories forgo any fashion or detail carrying too

round a suggestion like largish, choker pearls and round stud earrings. Costume jewellery should be worn high on the shoulder, and earrings follow the upward curve of the ear.

Large, clanking pieces or too many small bits, precious or otherwise, will also be out of keeping for the shorter person.

Handbags are important, too; look for the long line rather than the spherical, plain rather than trimmed up, medium to smallish in size.

As to furs, three-quarter length coats are most flattering; chubbies least kind. Short-haired, smooth pelts, styled on conservative, non-bulky lines, are a safe bet.

Feeding Baby

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is now generally known that other foods in addition to milk should be given to babies, both bottle and breast fed, from six months onwards.

In special cases (under medical direction), small quantities of other foods may need to be introduced rather earlier than this.

A leaflet giving helpful hints for the six to twelve months' diet can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

Note these recent Acceptances:

"Since my last lesson (No. 10) I have received another cheque for £4 4/- for a story (300 words) from the Sydney 'Sun.' This puts me about £4 ahead of the outlay for my Course."

"I very much enjoyed doing your Pre-leave Journalism Course, and more than paid for the Course with articles accepted."

"Since my last communication (Les. 6) I have had a story accepted by The A.B.C. Weekly, for which I received £4 4/-."

"Walkabout' accepted my article, 'Modern Crocodile Hunting'. The amount I shall receive for this article alone will almost pay for my Course of Pre-leave Journalism with you."

"You will be glad to know that I have succeeded in placing three stories, one each of Lessons 6, 7, and 8."

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MY NAME ADDRESS

(A.W.W. 1647.) Age

Girl causes stir

When she appeared on the lawn she created a strange restlessness. Excitement. Men ceased to talk. Women whispered.

She knew why. Before she had been rather ordinary. To-day, with Powder Charmosan so deftly used upon her skin she had Youth and a strange, wistful, soothing charm about her.

A strange face powder, this Youth and beauty seem woven right through it. Its subtle colour tone—its clinging fineness, its distinctive chic, impart to the skin that suave touch that delights.

Charmosan face powder is exquisite as a jewel is lovely.

Charmosan face powder for skin beauty

Rachel, Naturelle, Peche, Sun Tan. Charmosan face powder clings for hours.

And let your powder base be Creme Charmosan—it is most beautiful.

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES by Hesling



VIVE LA MOUTARDE! (LONG LIVE THE MUSTARD!)

Here is a discriminating Frenchman eating his boots avec buttons during the siege of Paris in 1870. "What care I," he is reputed to have said, "for with the mustard of MESSIEURS KEEN most things are palatable."

dressing—and it's a tip well worth remembering that a modest pinch of KEEN'S MUSTARD improves all sorts of salad dressings, either plain or fancy.



Note: The plastic bowl on the right contains Salad de Buffalo Grass in a plain



This 16 page attractively illustrated booklet FREE!

Here is a very carefully prepared booklet specially written to assist mothers to explain the "process" of growing up to their teen aged daughters.

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No apology is needed for these budget-conscious dishes made from mincemeat and served with a flourish.

Mincemeat—fresh from the shop, not the remains of yesterday's joint—is equal in food value to the more expensive cuts of meat.

It absorbs additional flavoring easily and well and it combines readily with economy foods, such as spaghetti, potatoes, breadcrumbs.

Flavor carefully, and of course you must taste to be sure of flavor. Serve attractively and feel confident that dinner will win family approval.

MINCE PATTIES WITH SPAGHETTI

Three cups cooked spaghetti, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt and cayenne to taste.

Patties: Half pound minced steak, 1 lb. pork sausages, 2 rashers bacon, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, pinch of herbs, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, egg-glazing, crumbs for covering, tomato slices for garnishing.

Combine steak and sausage meat, mixing well. Add diced bacon, onion, herbs, sauce, flour, salt, and water. Stir over low heat until mixture becomes thick and changes color. Simmer 20 to 30 minutes, fold in breadcrumbs, turn on to flat plate to cool. Shape into patties, dip in egg-glazing, coat with breadcrumbs. Brown on both sides in hot fat, reduce heat, and cook gently 8 to 10 minutes to heat right through. Drain on clean paper,

keep hot. Combine cooked spaghetti, tomato puree, white sauce, cheese, salt, and cayenne. Turn into serving-dish, top with cooked patties, garnish with tomato slices.

SAVORY MINCE ROLL

Filling: Three-quarters pound minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup grated carrot.

Pastry: Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. fat or margarine, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup milk.

Combine all filling ingredients, mixing well. Cover, and simmer over very low heat 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to cool. Sift flour and salt; rub in shortening. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Roll on floured board to a thin oblong sheet. Spread with cold meat mixture, moisten edges, and roll up, starting to roll from the longest side. Lift carefully on to oven-tray. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot, cut in thick slices.

INDIVIDUAL MEAT LOAVES

One pound minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup stock or water, 2 table-

spoons breadcrumbs, pinch of herbs, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Combine meat, salt, pepper, onion, flour, herbs, and stock or water. Simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Cool, fold in parsley and breadcrumbs, spread on flat plate, leave until cold. Divide into 6 or 8 portions, shape into tiny meat loaves, using a little flour. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Place on well-greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with brown vegetable sauce.

MINIATURE MEAT PIES

Three-quarters pound minced steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup water.

Pastry: One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup cold mashed potato, 1 lb. good fat, about 2 tablespoons water.

Soak kidneys 1 hour in salted water, remove skins and cores, chop finely. Place meat, kidneys, salt, pepper, flour, and water into saucepan. Stir until boiling. Cover, and simmer over very low heat 30 to 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Prepare pastry. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add potato, mixing well. Mix to a very firm dough with water. Roll thinly on floured board. Cut into circles large enough

to line deep patty-tins. Cut an equal number of smaller circles for tops. Mould pastry circles into patty-tins, fill with cooked meat mixture, moisten edges. Place tops on, pressing edges well together. Slit top of each pie to allow steam to escape. Brush with milk, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve piping hot.

BROWN VEGETABLE SAUCE

Half small carrot, small piece swede, 1 stick celery, 1 small onion, 1 pint stock or water, 1 level dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, piece of bacon-rind.

Melt fat, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes, browning well. Stir in liquid; when boiling add bacon-rind, salt, finely diced vegetables. Cover, and simmer over low heat 1 hour. Remove bacon-rind, serve in heated sauce-boat.

MINCEMEAT AND CABBAGE ROLLS

Three-quarters pound minced steak, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon flour, 3 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 6 or 7 large cabbage-leaves.

Place all ingredients except cabbage-leaves in saucepan, stir

until boiling. Reduce heat, and simmer 25 to 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Turn on to plate, divide into 6 or 7 portions. Wash cabbage-leaves thoroughly, pat dry with clean tea-towel. Place a portion of meat mixture on each cabbage-leaf, roll into a parcel, secure with cocktail sticks. Place in greased ovenware dish, add 1 cup hot stock or tomato juice. Bake uncovered in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until cabbage-leaves are quite tender. Serve hot.

HAMBURGER RING WITH VEGETABLES

One pound minced steak, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch of herbs, browned breadcrumbs, cooked peas and cooked diced carrots, mashed potato.

Combine steak, onion, salt, pepper, milk, flour, and herbs. Mix well together with a fork. Thoroughly grease a ring-tin, sprinkle lightly with browned crumbs. Press meat mixture into prepared tin, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Turn on to serving-dish, fill centre with peas and carrots, surrounding with mashed potato. Serve hot.



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Take a dose of Beecham's Pills whenever you feel out of sorts. They promote digestion, improve the appetite, purify the system and induce peaceful slumber.
1/- and 2/6 per box.

Beecham's Pills

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Beware of

PLEURISY and PNEUMONIA

★ A simple chill may easily develop into serious pleurisy or pneumonia. If you develop a chest cold, feel pains in the chest, wrap a warming pad of Wawn's Wonder-Wool around your chest and back, and go to bed. While you sleep in glowing comfort, the deep-penetrating medicinal essences of Wawn's Wonder-Wool are absorbed by the skin. They create an inner heat, which stimulates blood circulation through the affected tissues, reduces inflammation and quickly loosens up congestion.



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HOW TO MAKE a savory pudding: Dice 1lb. steak, 2 kidneys. Mix with 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, pepper, chopped parsley. Now sift 6oz. flour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt. Rub in 3oz. finely minced suet. Mix with 4 tablespoons water. Roll out 2-3rds pastry, line basin.



NEXT STEP: Add prepared meat plus 1 to 1 cup of water to lined basin. Stir lightly to mix. Roll remaining pastry to fit top of basin, moisten edges before pinching together as shown.



RIGHT: Finally tie floured pudding-cloth firmly over top, pin two corners of cloth together for easier handling -- plunge pudding into boiling water for 2 1/2 hours. Serve hot.

Recipe contest prizewinner . . .

UNUSUAL SWEET

● A chocolate fudge pudding which makes a sauce for itself as it cooks wins the first prize this week in our popular recipe contest.

THIS novel pudding recipe was tested in our own kitchen. The result was a delicious pudding, ideal for the family dinner-sweet.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE PUDDING

Main Mixture: One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Topping: Three-quarters cup brown sugar, 1 cup cocoa, 1/2 cups hot water.

Sift flour, salt, sugar, and cocoa together. Add milk, vanilla, and melted shortening, mixing until smooth. Add nuts. Pour into ovenware dish. Mix brown sugar and cocoa together, sprinkle over top of mixture. Pour hot water carefully over completely covering whole of pudding. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 50 to 55 minutes.

Serve in dish in which it has been cooked. When served a rich chocolate fudge sauce will be found under the chocolate sponge mixture on top.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. M. Sheare, Mt. Lofty, S.A.

APRICOT RICE SOUFFLE

Half-pint milk, 3 level tablespoons ground rice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon ground almonds, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 egg, pinch mixed spice, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons sultanas.

Blend rice with a little of the milk. Put remainder of milk on to boil. When almost boiling, stir in blended ground rice and boil 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Beat till thick and creamy. Stir in sugar, almonds, essence, slightly beaten egg, spice, and shortening. Mix well and pour into small buttered moulds. Press

a few sultanas into each mould. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve immediately. A little heated apricot jam may be spooned on top if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Joan Buchanan, 15a Elizabeth St., Hobart.

LIVER AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

One and half pounds liver, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup water, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup diced carrot, 1 cup diced celery.

Cut liver into fairly thick cubes. Roll in flour, salt, and pepper. Sear in hot fat. Remove from fat. Add flour, salt, and pepper, stirring till brown. Add water and tomato puree, stirring till mixture boils. Place liver in ovenware dish with onion, carrot, and celery. Pour gravy over. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Serve piping hot with bacon rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

LEMON APRICOT TARTS

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, apricot halves (cooked, dried apricots may be used), lemon jelly, raspberry jam, chopped nuts.

Line deep patty-tins with pastry and bake in moderately hot oven (425deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. When cooked and cooled, place apricot half in each one, cut side up. When lemon jelly is just beginning to set, whisk until frothy, and pile on top of apricots. Allow to set. Top with a little raspberry jam and sprinkle with nuts. Serve as a dinner sweet or for afternoon tea or supper.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Leake, 44 Rabaul St., Littleton, Lithgow, N.S.W.



MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED

ME 1 W/8.—Wear-everywhere Frock of American Washable Linen-like RAYON, in a slimming Shirtmaker style with collar and revers. Buttoned to Waist, and has small pocket on bodice. Pleats in skirt-front and tie belt. Shades: White; Rose; Almond Green; and Arcadia Blue. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. PRICE 39/11 8 coupons.

ME 2 W/8.—Cool, crisp, Summery FROCK of American Linen-like RAYON, in a large variety of smart Florals. Designed on slenderising lines, with Shirtmaker neckline; yoke effect and soft fullness over bust. Contrast buttons to hem; gored skirt and tie belt. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. PRICE 52/6 8 coupons.

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The plucking of strings, the rounded tones of the human voice, the silver melody of trumpets, the cascading surge of the symphony . . . all these are brought with new resonance and realism to your home with HOTPOINT Bandmaster reproduction. Truly, when you are seated beside your HOTPOINT Bandmaster you are in "The Best Seats in the House."

The fine engineering skill that makes possible such brilliance of tonal quality is paralleled only by the beauty of design, the superb finish of each HOTPOINT Bandmaster cabinet.

It is just this combination of technical perfection and masterly styling which has built over a period of many years the HOTPOINT Bandmaster reputation for quality . . .

... your assurance of the finest in radio.

The Best Seats in the House



Model E3BSE (above)—A.C. operation; 5 valves . . . 7 band coverage with improved hand-spreading . . . micrometer tuning control . . . "On-Off" power switch . . . tone control . . . twelve-inch speaker.

Model C188G (left)—A.C. operation; combination radio-phonograph console . . . 5 valves . . . 7 band coverage . . . improved hand-spreading . . . micrometer tuning control . . . "On-Off" power switch . . . twelve-inch speaker.

● Illustrated here is part of the complete HOTPOINT Bandmaster range . . . there are receivers available for A.C., battery, vibrator or dry cell operation, broadcast and dual-wave reception, mantle models to console cabinets.



Model R55DE (above)—A.C. operation; 5 valves . . . dual-wave reception . . . covers the new 540 k.c. band (more stations for you to hear than with pre-war radios!) . . . smartly styled plastic cabinet in ivory, walnut or green.

Model K53DM (right)—Battery, vibrator or dry cell operation; 5 valves . . . local and overseas reception . . . "On-Off" battery switch . . . "Hi-lo" tone switch . . . improved speaker . . . polished walnut veneer cabinet.



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